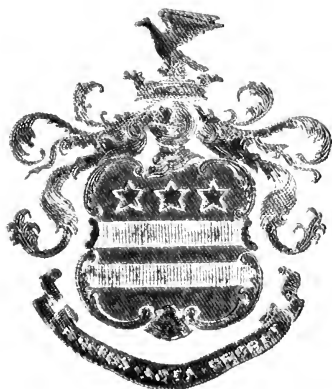


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THE WARDS OF MAVERNON





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OR

THE WARDS OF MOUNT VERNON

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTIONARY ERA

BY

MARY STUART SMITH.

THIRD EDITION

NEW YORK
UNIVERSITY PUBLISHING COMPANY

1890

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For P. & C. in N. C. & S. C.

With loving regards from
the author.

Walter H. H. H.

March 28th 1908.

DEDICATED WITH LOVING REVERENCE
TO
THE MEMORY OF WASHINGTON
AND
TO AMERICAN WOMANHOOD
BY
A DAUGHTER OF VIRGINIA.

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NOTE.—This book was especially prepared as a tribute to Washington on the occasion of the Centennial Celebration of April 30th, 1889. Hence the anticipatory allusions of the introductory chapter.

M. S. S.

LANG SYNE;

OR,

THE WARDS OF MOUNT VERNON.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION.

WHEN a people whose watchword is Progress, consent to stand still, and pausing in their career, not only look backward, but devote their time and their energies to enthusiastic commemoration of the deeds of the past, it is a speaking tribute to the hold which that past has upon their affections, and to the power which it may yet wield in moulding the character of their future. Such an exhibition of patriotism, we are again looking forward to on April 30th, 1889, as was given by the people of these United States the memorable year which marked the completion of our republic's first century of existence.

What an electric thrill that was which shot through the length and breadth of this mighty land, when the solemn stroke of the midnight bell, tolling the requiem of 1875, changed its tone into one of glad rejoicing, as it rang forth the advent of the infant year, which ushered in the second century of our existence as a nation.

That was a typical scene which was enacted, at the same hour, in the heart of the greatest thoroughfare of the greatest city in America, when, from the lofty spire of old Trinity Church, chimed forth a glad welcome to that significant New Year, and thousands of human tongues gave back harmonious response, as they thundered forth the most familiar but sublimest of doxologies to the immortal melody of "Old Hundred." Typical was this scene of the feelings cherished by a whole people although not everybody had the opportunity of giving such dramatic expression to the emotions of thankfulness welling up within his soul.

Thirteen years have elapsed since that enthusiastic assembly of representatives from all the States of the Union, convened at Philadelphia, as the fountain head of our independence, and in that noble Centennial Exposition demonstrated the glory to which we had attained as a republic. And yet the impulses of that occasion are a power in the land and we hope speedily, in the scenes that shall be witnessed in New York, upon occasion of the festivities that are to celebrate the Centennial of the inauguration of Gen. Washington as the first President of the United States, we shall have ocular demonstration, that the citizens of to-day are not a whit behind their fore-fathers in deep, fervent love for their country. Such reunions

cannot be in vain. No ! every season of retrospect, wherein we pay homage to the founders of our republic, must be fraught with immense good. It is in the nature of a steadfast contemplation of virtue to produce a reflection of the same. And when from the past we evoke the living presence of the great and noble, can we fail to be ourselves ennobled by the very effort, which brings us near to them in spirit ? Especially when we remember that these patriots and noblemen in nature's mould were linked to us by ties of consanguinity as well as country, who shall be content to sit down in degeneracy and contempt, when, by the grace of God, we may so live as to add yet other laurels to the crowns which already wreath the brows of our revolutionary sires ?

But the present writer comes not with intent to make preachment or pronounce eulogy, but with timid and reverential hand, to lift the curtain which has hitherto veiled certain pictures of revolutionary scenes, and to invite others to join in their contemplation. Happy will she be to find sharers in the pleasing impression made upon her own mind by the coming of these visitants from a bygone day, seen, tho' they may have been, through the imperfect medium of the imagination.

CHAPTER II.

IN WHICH THE BALL OPENS.

“Shall auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?”

ON the 4th of July, 1776, the City of Brotherly Love was the scene of unwonted bustle and commotion. Despite a burning sun and heated atmosphere, that, towards the afternoon became unmistakably sultry, there was a perpetual moving to and fro, not only of business men, but delicate women and gentlemen, who through their age or dignity of station would naturally have been exempt from necessity for such exertion. This state of affairs was the more remarkable, at the period of the year, when, if at any time, nature demanded a season of quiet and repose. Anxiety was depicted upon every face, and, as the day waxed warmer, and watching more weary, the signs by which it betrayed itself assumed more and more the hue of impatience. It was evident that a crisis was at hand, touching very nearly the interests of the multitudes thronging the streets and gathered together here and there in excited groups. Even the tranquil Quakers, then so numerous in Philadelphia, seemed to be thawed

out of their wonted calmness and rigid self control.

“Friend,” said an aged Quakeress, lightly touching, with admonitory gesture, the arm of a young man walking at her side, whose heaving chest and speaking eye betokened the strength of the storm raging within his breast: “Friend, dost thou forget that in quietness of spirit is found the anchor of a storm-tossed soul?”

The young man humbly bowed his acquiescence in the pious sentiment, but the next minute bade his adviser adieu, and turning upon his heel with a quick step moved off in the direction of the State House, where Congress had been convened since early morning.

Dense was the crowd, and silent through intensity of anxious expectation, that thronged about the hall where sat in earnest debate within closed door the representatives of Great Britain's thirteen revolted colonies. To-day public expectation awaited the official announcement of that independence, which was already felt to exist *de facto*, nor was it destined to be disappointed. At last, just as the clock upon the face of the State House struck two, a shout was heard, and immediately afterwards, from its lofty station on high, Liberty Bell rang forth one peal after another, proclaiming to ears intent that decisive action had been taken; yea,

that another nation had been born to take its place among the peoples of the earth. Liberty! Liberty!! was felt to be the burden of the refrain. For well the citizens remembered now the inscription which encircled the crown of that swinging bell—the largest, most massive one then in the country, viz: “Let there be liberty throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof.” Hitherto these words had partaken of the mystery of prophecy, now they rang forth in all the clearness and sweetness of a revelation, joyful and distinct. To-day that voice of prophecy was felt to have been fulfilled, and while friend in congratulation grasped the hand of friend, there was mingled with sympathy’s tenderness of pressure, the firmness of resolve; for well our forefathers knew that “it becometh not the man who buckleth on his armor, to boast himself as he who layeth it aside.”

But the shades of evening fall upon the longest, brightest day, and after the fevered excitements of this eventful fourth of July, the cool breezes that towards evening began to steal citywards from both the Schuylkill and Delaware, were more than usually grateful.

Few, however, were in a state of mind to note such secondary causes for being cheerful, and darkness had hardly closed in before the elite of the City were busy at their toilets, preparing to honor with their presence, a ball

given at the splendid suburban residence of General Cadwallader.

Primitive were the hours for the gathering together of such assemblies, and punctilious those Revolutionary beaux and belles in presenting themselves at the precise hour named upon the cards of invitation. It had happened quite accidentally that this ball had fallen upon a day so remarkable in our historical annals. But since it was even so, the chronicler cannot deem it unworthy his attention, and those who enjoy entree into the most select circles will find themselves interested spectators, if they will consent, unobserved, to take their places near the mistress of festivities, and note some of the celebrities as they are presented, and pay the customary compliments to their dignified but gracious hostess. Beneath a brilliantly lighted chandelier she takes position, in the entrance hall near to spacious parlors opening to the right and left, through folding doors, where she can conveniently welcome the new comers; while already, the merry sound of violins within, invites the young and gay to lose no time in choosing their partners, and taking their places upon the floor. Mrs. Cadwallader was dressed in a silk velvet of richest violet hue, with trimming of point lace, while a coronet of diamonds blazed upon her brow, showing to the greatest advantage, as the dark color of her raven tresses

was but ill-concealed by the powder, laid on albeit with the hair dresser's most skilful art. Just now she opens a note handed her by a liveried valet (alas! for republican consistency), and as she excuses herself to the gentlemen around, let us also share its contents. It is from the Commander-in-chief himself.*

Dear Madam—Mrs. Washington and myself have been honored with your polite invitation to your assembly, and thank you for your polite attention. But alas! engagements of a different and graver sort at present chain us to New York. We wish you however, as well as your young people, a pleasant evening in the exercise of so agreeable and innocent amusement as the dance will afford them, and remain, madam, Your most obedient and obliged humble servant,
GEORGE WASHINGTON."

With a gratified smile the lady folded up the missive, which, by the by, consisted of a single sheet of paper, folded in square shape and sealed with a signet ring. At the same time she expressed her regrets at being deprived of the gratification of entertaining the General, to a tall, graceful gentleman standing near, who was none other than Francis Hopkinson, not only one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, but already recognized as a poet of

(* Compare with note of Gen'l Washington's, preserved in Museum at Alexandria, Va.—Lossing's Field Book of Revolution.)

no mean genius; although hearts had not yet been thrilled by the spirit-stirring strains of "Hail Columbia," nor the laugh gone round at the recital of his "Battle of the Kegs."

But now advances *the* hero of the day, Thomas Jefferson, who was even then known to have drawn up our Declaration of Independence in such masterly style as was already the theme of praise for every patriot's tongue. Who is there that needs more than his bare name to suggest his personal appearance, familiar as it has been made by the art of painter, sculptor and biographer. On his arm leaned his wife, still in the fresh bloom of womanhood, although she was a widow when he had married her about two years before. Although not strictly beautiful, Mrs. Jefferson possessed one of those bright, animated faces that wins its way to all hearts, and if her manners had the polish imparted by high culture, they had not at all the effect of what is artificial, but rather seemed the genuine emanation of a sweet nature, peculiarly gentle and feminine. She was arrayed in a stiff brocade of white silk, embroidered with bunches of gay flowers, while the *coiffure* was an erection of natural hair whose complications defy description, but whose *tout ensemble* was artistic, and bore the impress of Parisian taste.

Another couple who claim particular atten-

tion, bore the relation of father and daughter. Dr. Franklin and his daughter, Mrs. Bache, bore a strong personal resemblance to each other, and were none the less welcome if appearing in a simplicity of garb, that in others would have been accounted *outré*, but in them was rather admired than criticised.

Many more there were whose presence deserves notice, but we can not forget that the hour was one particularly devoted to amusement, and hasten with the now assembled guests to witness the opening of the ball, which was led off by the host and hostess, with their most distinguished guests. Nor let us suppose that there was any want of dignity implied by this act on the part of the gravest personage there, for the slow measured movements of the minuet, while well fitted to display grace, were yet most decorous, and so slow that age itself had no cause to unbend in performing its stately evolutions. It was a beautiful sight to watch the many couples of fair women and handsome men, whose courtesies and reverential bows, as prescribed by the figure, were expressive of a mutual, distant respect that would be difficult to simulate in a modern ball room. Yet, as we shall presently see, the power of woman was exercised quite as despotically as 'twould be now, were the most violent asserters of woman's rights allowed to have their way. But see!

the figure has changed to the more sprightly Contredance, and many of the elders have retired from the circle of the dance to become lookers on or to take a hand at the card tables, which were set out in another room.

Who are those now gliding past us? That tall, girlish form which fascinates our gaze, the airy folds of whose delicate India muslin gown lend to her figure an almost ethereal grace, and seem to envelope her in an atmosphere too transparent for earth's belongings, is none other than Lady Alice Germaine, daughter of the quondam British Governor of New York, who had strangely enough been left behind when her father took his hasty departure from the unquiet Colony, where his abode had been anything but pleasant; the existence of a step-mother in the case may explain much.

For months Lady Alice had been an honored guest in the house of her friend, Mrs. Cadwalader, and despite the constant agitation of political questions, which were so openly discussed in all circles, every pains had been taken to spare the young English girl's feelings. Even now when the infant nation was in its first intoxication of delight at dropping its leading strings and standing up alone, so great was the consideration shown for the young lady, and so carefully were politics eschewed in her presence, that her situation was as little painful as was

possible under the circumstances. Her partner's uniform showed him to belong to the Commander-in-Chief's Life Guard. He wore a blue coat with white facings, white vest and knee breeches, black half-gaiters, with an Officer's sash and sword. The cocked hat with blue and white feather needed to complete the outfit had of course been laid aside on this occasion. This young gentleman was of commanding height, and while not possessed of very regular features, had a countenance singularly interesting and attractive: he was a nephew of General Washington, said to be a favorite one, Lieutenant Reginald Lewis. In the order of the dance, next came his comrade-in-arms, Oswald Caperton, who, with a handsome face, had an equally elegant bearing; while his partner, Miss Attaway Lewis, Reginald's sister, was of such striking beauty that she never appeared in public without exciting so much admiration as was often painful to one of her modestly shrinking nature. It took no acute observer to perceive that each of these two pairs of young people felt a deeper interest in one another than a casual partnership in a dance is wont to inspire. But just now the cotillion is over, and the band strikes up a march which is the signal for the company to adjourn to the supper-room.

Our two pairs of lovers would willingly have remained undivided, but Lady Alice's hand was

suddenly claimed by Dr. Franklin, who pleaded an engagement of long standing, and playfully led her off in triumph, much to the chagrin of young Lewis, who still hovered about the neighborhood, near enough to join every now and then in the bantering that was being exchanged between the oddly assorted couple. Attaway Lewis and Alice Germain were devoted friends and slyly contrived to keep near each other as they took their places in the dining-hall, now ablaze with a hundred wax lights, and displaying a table that elicited as audible signs of admiration as were deemed admissable in circles swayed by the etiquette of old-fashioned good breeding.

As a ball supper in those days was not ordered precisely as in our time, perhaps it will not be out of place to describe it briefly. The massive oak table was draped in fine and snowy damask. Rare exotics and luscious fruits vied with each other in lending beauty to the repast. At one end of the table, as its principal dish, stood a superbly roasted pig, holding an orange in his mouth, while at the other end was equally conspicuous the traditional boar's head garnished with herbs, yet preserving a smack of savagery still. Roast duck—fried chicken—stewed terrapin—sandwiches with Virginia ham were among the viands of which there was a lordly array; while on the same table were

arranged floating islands, a wonderful bird's nest of blanc-mange and shredded lemon rind, etc. The centre ornament consisted of a marvellous pyramid of spun candy and candied oranges.

Now the description would be incomplete, if it were not mentioned that the dishes on which the meats were served were of silver, while the delicate India and Sèvres China and cut glass, on which the dessert was served, would have been regarded as unsurpassed, even by a modern connoisseur in ceramics.

"Lady Alice," said Dr. Franklin, as any other mortal might have done, "what may I help you to?"

"Oh, to some of the barley-cream if you please, or a cup of orgeat would be refreshing."

"What! nothing more substantial," exclaimed the doctor; "but why should I expect so ethereal a being as yourself to feed on aught but fancy food? Would not a drop of dew in a rose-leaf cup be better, eh? But be it as you will." And he moved away to do her bidding. The young ladies, however, did not tarry long in the supper-room, not seeming to relish overmuch even their light diet of sweets, ambrosial though they were, and soon requested their escorts to lead them up-stairs into the balcony, where they promised to await the return of the gentlemen, who remained in the supper-room some time

after the ladies departed, as was also the fashion of the day.

The whole company of ladies was dispersed about the deserted ball-room and parlors, apparently enjoying the unceremoniousness of the house, the servants applied fresh wax to the floor, and our two heroines were left to enjoy themselves on the balcony as they listed.

A leafy curtain of woodbine and roses ran along the whole length of the portico, but it could not keep out the play of glancing moonbeams, and ever and anon as they walked to and fro, they gazed entranced upon the gliding Delaware, that like a silver mirror shone in the immediate neighborhood and reflected, with a poetic radiance, the images of moon and stars and castellated walls. A singular gravity rested upon the brow of the Lady Alice, ill-befitting, it would seem, the place and hour.

"Attaway," said she, tightening the clasp in which she held imprisoned her companion's hand, "I am thankful to have this opportunity of opening my heart to you, my dearest friend."

"Say not *dearest*," interrupted Attaway, "or I shall be jealous of myself, even for the sake of *one* whose interests are dearer to me than my own."

"Speak not of so hateful a thing as jealousy, even in jest, sweet friend," returned Lady Alice, a smile crossing her face that was pain-

ful in its sadness. "The time has come when we must part. Plain speech and candor should mark the hours that yet remain of intercourse between friends so near and true as you and I have been."

"Yes, darling, I too shall use sincerity with one, who so well deserves it. For months I have felt as if a wall of separation were being built between us, but not because of any diminution of love on either side. I shall not affect to be surprised by the news you break to me, painful as it is. I heard Mrs. Cadwallader tell cousin Maria Dandridge, in our parlor at the hotel, that your father had at last sent to demand passports for you from the Commander-in-chief, and that she had resolved to accompany you herself to New York, where it was arranged that you should set sail. Oh! Alice, my heart bleeds for Reginald. I know not whether he has declared his love for you, but I see it in his every act and word, and from me he has kept it no secret, for Oh! this long time."

"Little does it matter to speak of that at this time, Attaway, although I acknowledge that your noble brother has won too high a place in my affections for my own peace of mind. For, oh, Attaway! my heart is heavy; beyond expression, heavy! Think of the short time that must intervene, before the broad Atlantic will roll

between us, and alas, the yet more threatening waves of cruel war. Think not that I have been deceived by the considerate kindness of you all. Well do I know the issues which are at stake. This very day the Rubicon was crossed. Oh! how my heart has been wrung, the more keenly, because compelled to stifle its emotions, and simulate a calmness it did not feel. I part from you, dear friends, and America the home of my adoption, and for what? To go to a father estranged from me, and so bitter in his political aversions and resentment, that it rings the death knell to all hopes of his consenting to my union with one whom he would call a rebel, whom I would call"—murmured she in low tones, almost exultant—"a patriot soldier, with the stamp of hero on his brow."

"Bless you for that admission, dearest," said Attaway, warmly kissing the enthusiastic girl, who had evidently been no impassive recipient of those sentiments of resistance to tyranny, which were rife in the land, however unbecoming she might hitherto have deemed it for the daughter of Lord George Germaine, to express them openly. "But why take so gloomy a view of the matter? Your father *must* relent when he finds your happiness involved. Or say, why return to him at all? Give Reginald that higher claim to your duty and affection, which

no Christian can gainsay. We must leave father and mother, you know," added she archly.

Sadly the Lady Alice shook her head. "Play not the part of the tempter, pretty one, nor mock at the strange mood which has come over your poor friend. I want you to accept a token of my love, which you must ever wear near your heart. If it is also a token of my cowardice, forgive the weakness and wear it still. Nor scorn it if I say it will be a talisman 'gainst dangers and disaster."

"Why Alice, I must confess I am curious as to the manner of gift with which you would so mysteriously endow me. Now I admit that I am not without a silly girl's banking after gew-gaws and jewelry of all sorts, so if it be pretty, fear not that I shall reject your talisman, however the tinge of superstition may attach to its mode of presentation."

"Well, darling," said Alice, blushing, as she took from her own neck a triple row of seed pearls, upon which was strung a handsome seal-ring. "Here is my talisman. If the fortunes of war should go against you—be not angry"—for instinctively the proud young republican had drawn herself up to her full height, and rather shrank from contact with even so small a thing, said to emanate from British power. "No Loyalist will ever refuse to aid to his utmost the wearer of this ring." As Attaway still hesi-

tated, Alice's features began to quiver with agitation. "Oh! refuse me not this last request. 'twill comfort my aching heart to reflect that I have at least tried to provide a shield for my dear friend, against unexpected misfortune?"

Attaway suddenly drew nearer—"No, for I can refuse nothing to you, you sweet creature; these fair pearls shall be cherished as lovingly as you desire. As to the ring, for your sake only I shall keep it, but I hope to return it, when time shall have proved to you that we need no protection from England, whatsoever."

Just now a hum of eager voices was heard, seeking for the two, who could not willingly be spared from the scene of revelry. Strains of violin music, too, invited to the dance, but the air adapted for the quadrille was "*Joys That We've Tasted*," and somehow struck home with overpowering effect, to the hearts of these two simple girls.

Alice could scarcely find voice wherewith to beg Attaway to excuse her to Mrs. Cadwallader, as she felt too unwell to rejoin the company, and gratefully accepted the arm of Reginald Lewis, who had hurried to her side, perceiving with a lover's quicksightedness that something was amiss with her. She begged him to lead her, without delay, to a staircase at the other end of the house, whence she could, unobserved gain access to her own apart-

ments. Walking the whole shaded length of the portico, the poor girl escaped that attention, which her drooping head and tear-stained countenance must otherwise have excited. Reginald was deeply moved at the sight of her emotion, and never had he had so stern a conflict to maintain with his feelings as at this moment, when inclination prompted him to break through his forced reserve, tell her how devotedly he loved her, and through the strength of that devotion, plead for the privilege of being her comforter.

But ere he had sufficiently mastered himself to speak the first word, their short walk was over, for they had reached the foot of the stairs, and he ventured only to press Lady Alice's gloved hand, in silent token of sympathy in her evident distress. Long after she had disappeared, did he stand gazing upon the spot where he had last caught sight of her fluttering robe and tiny foot. Then he slowly turned and stepped forth into the moonlight, uncovered, feeling that the glare of the ball-room, and restraints of company would be unbearable, and that he must have the indulgence of a few moments, communing with himself, and thinking of Alice, if he could no longer enjoy her presence.

Long did he stroll, buried in thought, beneath the trees of the Elm avenue, that for several

miles skirted the river, as it wound through the magnificent estate of General Cadwallader. Strongly had love been pleading within the young man's heart for many weeks, urging him to a plain declaration of his sentiments, but a high sense of honor had ever withheld him. Lady Alice was of high rank, an heiress to great wealth in her own right, and the daughter of a man he must account an enemy, seeing that he was his country's open foe. It was by no means consonant with those ideas of propriety in which he had been reared, that he should induce a daughter to come short of paying to her parent all filial respect, especially when separated from him.

Nevertheless that freemasonry which unconsciously passes the sign of recognition between lovers, had done its electric work for these two, and bade Reginald not despair of winning the lady's heart; and if so, youth and enthusiasm whispered all would yet be well. Truly war was an appalling chasm to see yawning before him, with his love upon the other side. But what obstacle seems unsurmountable to the genuine lover? Surely fortune could not be unpropitious to one who with high hearted endeavor sought to win for himself so fair a name, that when peace should come, as come it would, even stern Lord George Germaine could have no excuse for withholding a blessing upon

their union. And time to him would seem but short if at the end of any probation, however long, he could at last claim Alice for his own.

Reginald and Attaway Lewis were orphans, and to him as the eldest had descended a vast plantation in lower Virginia, on the banks of the Potomac. In times of peace even Lord George Germaine might not have disdained the suit of the wealthy young Virginian. But in war all was different, the estate was left to the tender mercies of an overseer, subject to war's disasters; while the young master had enlisted first as a simple private, in the ardor of a noble self, forgetting patriotism. It had been by no seeking of his own, but by nomination that he had been promoted to a lieutenancy in General Washington's Life Guard, a Corps consisting of picked men, selected for their prominence in physical as well as moral force. This had been to Reginald a peculiarly acceptable post, as it not only gave him ample opportunity of distinguishing himself, but kept him near the person of that beloved Uncle, who, holding the relationship of guardian to him during his orphaned boyhood, had ever held in his heart a father's place. But the soldier was speedily aroused from his reverie by hearing his own name called. He had reached the front entrance without observing whither he directed his steps. Just within the portals of the gate-

way was stationed a mounted orderly of his own company, who, from the jaded appearance of his horse, had ridden far and long that day. The man vaulted from his saddle, bowed low and handed a bundle of dispatches to the young officer, who, after inquiring if all sped well at camp, and receiving an affirmative reply, proceeded hastily to examine the missives by the light of the moon, which now shone brilliantly. He must have discovered something demanding urgent attention, for he made no delay, but hurried up the broad walk leading to the house, though despite his preoccupation, not wholly unmindful of the delicious fragrance exhaling from beds of pinks, lavender and mignonette on either side, that gave forth double-distilled sweetness under the influence of the soft night air. Arrived at the house, he called for his horse, hastily buckled on his sword, drew on his plumed hat, and was soon galloping over the road that led to Philadelphia, followed closely by the attendant orderly.

But let us return to the balcony. With a woman's ready instinct, Attaway's first impulse was to cover her friend's retreat. Advancing some steps she greeted the party who had come in search of them, and, although she was in reality little better fitted for resuming her place in the ball-room than the Lady Alice, she made a vigorous effort to throw off sad thoughts, and

to a superficial observer was the gayest of the gay. Leaning on the arm of Oswald Caperton, who now proposed a promenade, she came suddenly upon Dr. Franklin, who stood in an alcove a little apart, in company with another elderly gentleman, no doubt discussing some grave question of politics or science.

"Oh! Doctor," said the lively girl, "when will you redeem your promise of letting us see and hear the wonders of the new musical instrument you have invented—the Armonica, I think you call it."

"As soon as you please, my dear young lady; but where have you left my blooming pet! How pale she was to-night. I shall not soon forgive you for allowing her to be spirited away in my absence. She will be of the party, will she not—our English nightingale? I do believe my Armonica would give forth its sweetest notes beneath the potent spell of the Lady Alice's presence."

"Well, Doctor, if you will make an appointment for to-morrow, not later, I think I may engage to secure for you the inspiration you say it needs. But," added she, pretending to pout, "old gentlemen I see can flatter as well as young ones—but in case of the absent, *vaut il la chandelle*, think you? From all accounts your musical bells need no further inspiration than has been supplied by the deft fingers of Miss Davies. Is she here to-night?"

Will you introduce me, and Mr. Caperton as well?"

"With pleasure," replied the Philosopher, leading them up to a sofa where sat, ensconced between two drowsy matrons, a little lady, no longer young, who returned their salutations with a painfully diffident air. But her sweet, quiet face grew almost lively when her eyes lighted up with a sudden glow, as soon as Dr. Franklin began to speak to her of music, and especially of performance upon the Armonica, which had already become a passion with her. She graciously, though timidly, yielded assent to their united request that she would, the next evening at Dr. Franklin's house, favor them with an exhibition of her skill.

Livelier and livelier waxed the scene in the ball-room after supper. The spirits of some of the gentlemen even grew so exuberant, as to find vent in the artistic "cutting of the pigeon wing." And when at last dawn began to break in the Eastern sky, and the old Virginia reel was called for, in compliment to the many Virginians present, and in allusion to their custom of thus winding up a ball, voices were heard exclaiming against breaking up so early. Thus night was fast being merged in day-light, when the attendants on that first Fourth of July ball dispersed to seek that repose, which most of them so much needed.

And here the chapter ends.

CHAPTER III.

A PHILOSOPHER AT HOME.

“ Ah! would that ever green might prove
The sweet springtime of youthful love.”
Schiller's Song of the Bell.

BEFORE they parted for the night, Mrs. Cadwallader had arranged with Attaway Lewis to call for her the next afternoon in her carriage, bringing Lady Alice Germaine, of course, if she should be sufficiently recovered from her indisposition.

Much curiosity had been elicited by the new musical invention, and it was esteemed quite a privilege to be allowed the *entree* into Doctor Franklin's *sanctum*, for the sage was quite of Jonathan Oldbuck's opinion as to the intrusion of womankind upon his premises. Knowing that this was to be her last day of home-life among her old friends, Alice had risen early in the morning, despite the vigils of a wakeful night, and sat at her window drinking in the varied beauty of lawn, shrubbery and flower-garden as they lay bathed in sunshine and sparkling dew.

But presently, springing to her feet with a sudden strength of resolve, she turned to the duty of the day, which was to prepare for the

coming journey, upon which she was to set out on the morrow.

And so, when her maid came two hours later, expecting to find her mistress asleep, as would naturally have been the case, her pretty chamber was already despoiled of most of those ornaments of the toilet, that are nothing in themselves, but which ladies so much prize. Things that make a room look habitable and speak in telling manner of the tastes and refinement of its occupant. The trunk stood there packed, the dressing case lay ready open, so that little was left wherewith the chagrined waiting-maid might busy herself.

“Yes, Madge,” said Lady Alice in reply to the girl’s involuntary exclamation of surprise—“The summons has come for me to join my father, and I have made haste to get rid of this troublesome luggage, that I might sit down quietly and compose myself before the last sad leave-takings must be gone through with. Do you go with me, Madge? Not that I would try to persuade you.”

“Och, and I shall though, mi leddie, I’d go through fire and water, ye mind, before I’d leave the likes o’ you to cross the sea without a woman friend—a poor, humble crathur, though she be; and that’s just what Madge says, mi leddie. If parting’s to be done, ’tis yourself must speak the words, in troth—not Madge, ye see.”

Moved to tears by the poor girl's devotion, Alice could but warmly thank her in return. In sooth she did feel as if a load were lifted from her heart by the knowledge that she would have the companionship of even a faithful, affectionate servant upon her lonely voyage.

After some slight refreshment which she had requested to have sent to her room, as she did not feel equal to appearing at the breakfast table, she threw herself upon a couch and for some hours slept the deep sleep of exhaustion. When she awoke, finding the watchful Madge still playing the sentinel at her bedside, fanning her and warding off the approach of fly or mosquito, lest it should disturb her slumbers, it was with a feeling of relief and a smile upon her lips that she started from her recumbent position. But this first pleasurable emotion had been succeeded by an agonizing sense of pain, when she realized with the lightning-like rapidity of a return to full consciousness, the realities of her situation. Again the thoughtfulness of Madge came to her relief, for in a trice she had left the room and returned bringing upon a silver tray a delicate draught of iced lemonade, and, moreover, several notes. At the superscription of one, a faint blush suffused her cheek, for although it had already been opened and was directed to Mrs. Cadwallader, well she recognized the handwriting of Reginald

Lewis. There also came to her aid (call it not folly) that enviable faculty of youth, which enables it to be so obliviously happy in the sunshine of the present, as to have no ear for the muttering thunder that portends the coming of a storm.

The note informed her that Reginald Lewis had been appointed to take charge of the escort which was to conduct Lady Alice Germaine to New York. The writer asked—since he had heard of her intention to accompany her young charge to New York—that she would kindly notify him if the ladies would be ready for departure at day-light the following morning, viz: July 6th. This exertion seemed necessary because on account of the heat, it was desirable to travel during the early and late hours of the day, resting at noon. Mrs. Cadwallader had endorsed the note with a request to know if Lady Alice was equal to undertaking a journey at so early a date. Alice deemed it more respectful to give her answer in person, and repaired to that lady's room, where the two sat so long in consultation over their plans, that, ere they were aware of it, dinner was announced. After that meal had been discussed not much opportunity was left for repose ere it was time to prepare for the afternoon appointment.

At 5 o'clock the carriage was at the door. The Cadwallader family coach was a stylish one, according to the standard of the day, hav-

ing been freshly imported from England. High swung, it was painted in dark green with coat-of-arms emblazoned upon the panels of the door: inside it was lined and wadded in most luxurious style, although we do not pretend that for a summer afternoon-drive it compared in comfort with one of our modern *landaus* or open phaetons. The horses, four-in-hand, were cream-colored, the trappings plain but neat and substantial, while the driver, footman and postillion were as black as the ace of spades, and rejoiced in the splendor of dark crimson livery with buff facings.

Soon the ladies were ready, and rapidly the splendid horses drew them through the long, shady avenue that formed the approach to the mansion. The drive into the city over smooth, finely-graded roads, occupied only about half an hour, and was further beguiled by the delicious odor of the wild grape and crab-apple-tree blossoms now in full perfection of bloom, as they passed along between the hedges dividing the road from the rich fields of grain and meadowland beyond.

When they drove up to the "Indian Queen," the first hotel of the city, which was in Third Street, then the most fashionable neighborhood, the ladies alighted and repaired to the hotel-parlors, there to await Miss Lewis' descent. Hardly had they entered the room when their

attention was attracted by the sound of military music in the street, to which the Philadelphians had not yet grown so accustomed as not to be moved and excited whenever it was heard. Both ladies, therefore, took their station at the window, too much interested to remember that they themselves might attract the gaze of the curious. Closer drew the music and louder the tramp of horses and infantry. There had been this afternoon a grand parade in front of the State House, not only of new recruits, but several fine *corps* of volunteers, who had been for several months stationed near the city. Full of fire and glowing enthusiasm, they were now returning to camp to the animating sound of hautboy, fife and drum. Upon the same occasion, Lieutenant Lewis, on behalf of the Commander-in-Chief's Life Guard, had received from the hands of a special deputation, a banner woven for the presentation by the Moravian Sisters of Bethlehem, as an especial compliment from the Sisterhood to the body-guard of "our *good* General, whose life, gentlemen, may Heaven and your valor preserve." And now the banner was borne aloft in the van, and on all sides were heard the shouts and huzzas of a rejoicing people. The standard was of pure white silk on which was painted this device—"one of the guards is in the act of receiving a flag from the Genius of Liberty, who is person-

fied as a woman leaning upon the Union shield, near which is the American eagle." The motto of the Corps was inscribed upon a ribbon in gold letters. It was "Conquer or Die."

In breathless interest the ladies gazed, unconscious of the picture they formed, for which the embrasure of the window served as a frame. Lady Alice wore a dress of spotless white cambric, which gave to her beauty the effect of infantine innocence and grace. Her hat was of dainty white lace, wreathed with blue forget-me-nots, while a scarf of soft blue taffeta covered, although it did not conceal, the charming contour of her exquisitely moulded neck, shoulders and arms. Her fair hair fell in ringlets that received a golden hue as they were seen in the light of the departing sunset rays. That vision of angelic loveliness returned to many who that evening gazed upon her for the first and last time, but how shall we describe the feelings of him who had long loved her, and whose passion was now intensified by the terrible consciousness that she was so soon to be torn from his gaze. As the troops defiled along the streets, he passed close beneath the window where she stood, and could not refrain from looking up and giving a soldier's salute, apparently to two ladies, but to the soul's eye there was but one. Just at this moment her eye had caught the stern device gleaming upon the gaily float-

ing banner. Her dilated eye became fixed, and her cheek grew pale. At the same time, from her loosened hold, fell right upon her lover's arm, a pale sweet rose that she had been clasping, but now forgot in total abstraction of mind. It was one of those accidents to which love only knows how to attach value and significance. Oh! what a treasure-trove was that rose to Reginald—how often was it pressed to his lips and to his heart, who shall say?

But in another moment the procession had passed. Attaway Lewis was standing beside her friends, all affection and eagerness to be off, with a young girl's impatience to witness what is novel and rare.

"But where are your squires, dear Mrs. Cadwallader; are we to set forth like two errant damosels, with never a knight to challenge a wind-mill in our service?"

"Some gentlemen have promised to join us later, Miss Attaway, and so, meanwhile, you must content yourself with being under an old lady's wing."

"And no hardship, either, permit me to say, especially since you are to guide us to the mansion of our dear old philosopher, whose conversation is worth that of a store of beaux." After they were seated in the carriage again, of course the events of last night's entertainment had to be discussed, and so, in an imperceptibly short

time, they reached the point of their destination.

Dr. Franklin's house was upon Market Street, between Fifth and Sixth Streets, separated, however, from the street by a court, and furnished with the luxury of a large yard. A young grandson of the doctor, a lad of about seventeen years of age, a pleasing youth, handed them out of their carriage, and they were conducted without further ceremony into the library, which we must pause here to describe. It was a large, airy apartment, filled with books from floor to ceiling, although for the same purpose there was the additional space of four alcoves, extending two-thirds the length of the room. On the top of the book-shelves and mantelpiece were arranged the busts of various distinguished men. In a conspicuous place hung the portrait of Mrs. Franklin, who had now been dead some two years. Curiosities of various sorts were stowed away in a large glass case, which yet gave a full view of them. Conspicuous among the objects of interest were the Copley gold medal, and a miniature of the King of France, set in 408 diamonds and presented to Franklin by his Majesty himself. This was the same miniature which he afterwards willed to his daughter, on condition that neither she nor her daughters would ever wear the jewels for the adornment of their

persons; considering it unbecoming in republicans to deck themselves with such "vain, useless and expensive" ornaments.

Besides philosophical apparatus, several musical instruments were in view. A spinet stood at one end of the room, upon which a note-book lay open, while a flute, violin and bass viol lying near at hand, seemed to vouch for the musical taste of the family. But the central and most conspicuous part of the room was given to the instrument, a trial of the powers of which was to furnish the entertainment of the evening.

The idea of the Harmonica was suggested to Franklin by seeing a set of musical glasses in London, and was a great improvement upon the original.* His glasses were made in the shape of a hemisphere with an open mouth or socket in the middle, for the purpose of being fixed on an iron spindle: the largest at one end gradually diminishing to the smallest at the other end. The tones depended upon the size of the glasses. The spindle with its sides of glasses, was fixed horizontally in a case, and turned by a wheel, attached to its larger end upon the principle of a common spinning-wheel. The performer sat in front of the instrument, and its tones were brought out by applying a wet finger to the exterior surface of the glasses as

* See Spark's Life of Benjamin Franklin, page 26.

they turned around. He called it the Harmonica, in honor of the musical language of the Italians. The instruments were afterwards manufactured in London, and sold at the price of forty guineas each.

Our party, however, were not long left in the quiet contemplation of the objects of interest around them, for very quickly Mrs. Bache made her appearance, coming forward with outstretched hand and beaming smile to welcome her father's friends. Miss Davies was immediately afterwards announced, and in a few moments Dr. Franklin himself entered, followed by two interesting looking children, who were presented to the ladies as the son and daughter of Mrs. Bache. They were only admitted to the parlor on this occasion, because the party was so small, and both their mother and grandfather were anxious for them to lose no opportunity for hearing music and cultivating their ears. The old gentleman and they were evidently upon the easiest terms, and to their ingenuous minds the sage was evidently lost sight of in the charms of the tender, loving companion. Nowhere did Dr. Franklin appear to greater advantage than in the bosom of his own family, for there his wit sparkled and flowed in unrestrained gaiety, and yet was tempered and softened by an undertone of deep and cordial affection, that was transparent even

in a studiously plain and simple manner. On this occasion his long, straight-cut Quaker coat was relieved by a shirt-front of snowy linen, that was trimmed with ruffles, as were likewise the white cuffs that were plainly visible beneath his coat-sleeve. A full wig adorned his temples, and nothing could have been more impressive than his benignant and yet dignified manner of welcoming beneath his roof such honored and such gentle guests. The usual salutations, however, had hardly been exchanged before, with the straightforward directness of his practical nature, as well as with the eager enthusiasm of a triumphant inventor, he called Miss Davies to her place of performer and exhibitor. That lady responded to his call promptly, and with no affectation whatever, she speedily became so absorbed in her task as to evoke a succession of such sweet and harmonious strains that her audience was spell-bound and completely entranced. Wonder and awe were mingled with the delight that they felt, such as we experience even now, when beholding and listening to the inspiring melodies of the Swiss Bell-Ringers, produced somewhat by the same process, upon similar principles. More than an hour, then, had been given to this sweet music, and discussion evoked by it, when Mrs. Bache invited the little company to repair to the court-yard, where beneath the shade of a huge,

overshadowing mulberry tree a charming little banquet had been spread. Mrs. Bache took the head of the table, to pour out tea, and after the guests were all seated, the children proceeded to wait upon them in the most simple and engaging manner. Sweetly they urged their acceptance of crackers, cakes and *bon-bons*, which the young ladies especially declared had never tasted so deliciously as from the hands of such waiters. There was indeed something exceptionally pleasing to the romantic mind in thus taking tea in rural style, beneath a leafy bower, and under any other circumstances Alice Germaine would have been in raptures; but now, how could she enjoy any pleasure, even the one most congenial to her taste, when on the eve of bidding farewell to the friends and scenes which she had loved so well.

When Mrs. Cadwallader, at length, spoke of ordering her carriage, Dr. Franklin said that he could not let them go until Lady Alice had favored the company with one of her sweet songs; for besides being gifted by nature with an uncommonly fine voice, she was a trained and skilled musician. With a sad smile she gave consent, and to the accompaniment of a guitar, which had been fetched to her, she improvised the following song:

SONG.

What means the sad moan of the billows,
As they break on the resonant strand?
Bear they tidings of heart-rending sorrow
To some stricken soul on the land?

Tell me why thou art drooping, sweet lily,—
But this morning erect on thy stem?
Woe is me! Thou art withered and faded,
And my garden despoiled of its gem.

See yon fluttering sparrow affrighted,
In terror hang over its nest;
Can there be for such innocence danger?
Little homeless one, wherefore distressed?

Naught there is that the earth brings of gladness,
But there followeth quickly a sigh,
E'en when merriment sparkles most brightly,
We know that dark shadows stalk nigh.

What meaneth this weight on the spirit
That whispers of evil to come?
Why should billow, breeze, birdling and blossom,
Such message bear only to some?

Hear'st *thou* the sad song of the night-wind
That fills thy poor friend with distress?
It fears me that trouble is brewing,
E'en while thy dear hand I may press.

But while Alice sang her audience was increased without her knowledge. Reginald Lewis and Oswald Caperton had come silently up without her perceiving their approach since her face was turned from the direction of the house, whence they came. There they stood, entranced by the sweetness of the melody, and one of them, thrilled by the tone of deep melancholy pervading the strains that fell upon his ears.

When the song was ended and the gentlemen came forward to present themselves, she arose with a blush that enhanced her beauty, ordinarily rather too statuesque to appeal to the softer emotions of the heart.

Dr. Franklin exclaimed against her breaking off at that point when so sad an impression was left upon their minds.

“We thought to hear a nightingale, and have listened to a stricken dove. When the soul of melody turns into a cup of sorrow at the very fountain of youth, to what spring can old age turn whence to obtain a draught of gladness and good cheer?”

“The maiden craves the old man’s pardon, but not so the minstrel of the sage. Music has tasted, mayhap, of the intoxicating cup of liberty, and will not be held responsible for the fitfulness of mood. What say you to that solution, Doctor?”

“Maybe so, Mistress Alice, but prithee, bring the muse to reason, and sing us a song that will make us as merry as that ditty has made us sorry. Then her power will be proven beyond dispute.”

“The minstrel may not mend her mood to-night, and so lays aside the wand of power, hoping that some mighty hand may take it up and make glad every heart in this house, which she has deemed the very abode of cheerfulness and content. Forgive the discord she did not mean to make.”

“A truce to bandying words at this time,” interrupted Mrs. Cadwallader, looking at her watch; “these cavaliers, it seems, came but to see the winding up of our pleasant meeting, not to enjoy the feast of music with which we have been favored. Young ladies, we must be on our way, or else my good man will be made more low-spirited than you yourself profess to be, Doctor.”

“Good bye, pretty minstrel. When next we meet, remember you owe your old friend a lively song.”

“If I were to sing one embodying all the gratitude I owe him, it would be lively and sweet enough. To have been privileged to call Dr. Franklin friend, will ever be held by me to have been one of the prizes that life has cast into my portion,” rejoined Alice, more moved at

saying farewell, than she was willing to let appear.

With many mutual compliments the company dispersed, the young gentlemen escorting the ladies home, although they could not enter the house on account of having to report at camp at an early hour.

Attaway agreed to spend this last night with Alice, but we shall not intrude upon their confidences, hoping for them that sweet repose so much needed.

Morning speedily came with its bustle of preparation, hasty breakfast, sad good-byes and early departure. Alice had nerved herself for the duties of the hour, and did not give way for a single moment. General Cadwallader bestowed upon her a blessing, paternal in its tenderness, for the loveliness of her character had made a deep impression upon him during her sojourn under his roof, and it was with sincere regret that he saw her depart. No stronger proof of regard and consideration could he have bestowed upon her than to give up his wife, in her behalf, even for a short period. The old gentleman and Attaway stood upon the front portico waving farewells with their handkerchiefs, until a bend in the road hid the carriage and the occupants from view.

Arrangements had been made for relays of horses along the route, that the journey might

be made with all possible speed, for, without the knowledge of the rest of the party, one of their number was acting as private courier, bearing Government dispatches from Congress to General Washington.

And so, not until Reginald Lewis arrived would the official announcement be made to the army of the Declaration of Independence. We must remember that those were not the days of railroad and telegraph.

CHAPTER IV.

IN WHICH TEARS AND SMILES MINGLE.

“Ach das scheiden giebt uns weh.”
But “Hours that are sweetest
Are ever the fleetest.”

Abt.

AND so it was with the two day's journey to New York, which the lovers would fain have indefinitely prolonged. Speedily, speedily it came to a close. Mrs. Cadwallader sent immediately to notify General Washington of the arrival of herself and charge, and by return courier he made haste to place a house at the disposal of the ladies, adjacent to head-quarters, at that time No. 1 Broadway, near the Battery, where the broad expanse of New York Bay is seen to the best advantage. It was dark evening ere the ladies were safely housed, and worn out with the fatigue of the unwonted journey both slept soundly.

Early next morning they were awakened from sleep by the booming of cannon, ringing of bells, tramping of horses and every sound betokening a popular rejoicing. The cause was soon explained. The announcement of the Declaration of Independence had just been made public in New York, and at 9 o'clock A.

M. was to be read aloud by Washington himself, to the troops who were all to be mustered and drawn up in line for the purpose, and it was plain that the enthusiasm called forth was deep and genuine. In the midst of all his pressing duties, however, Washington did not forget to provide for the comfort of the helpless young creature, who had been so strangely thrown upon his care.

By flag of truce he had notified Lord Howe that Lord George Germaine's daughter, and presumptive heiress, awaited an escort to enter the British lines, that she might rejoin her father in England. Alas, for Alice! How her heart sank within her when she found that the very friendship of her powerful protector led him to display such eagerness—thinking to release her from a painful position—in perfecting arrangements whereby no time should be lost in delivering her into the hands of her so-called friends.

The day after their arrival, General Washington, with all his habitual courtesy, sent to ask if he might be permitted to pay his respects to the ladies in person, and they were only too glad to have this opportunity of meeting him who was already the idol of his countrymen. Attended by his nephew, Reginald Lewis, both as a previous friend to the ladies and his own aide-de-camp, he made his appearance.

Save his general's uniform and the imposing dignity of his carriage, there was nothing in the manners or address of the quiet, modest gentleman before them, to inform them that they were in the presence of a popular military hero. He regretted that Mrs. Washington had not yet arrived, as he hoped she would at no very distant day, that she might have aided him in giving the ladies a more suitable reception.

Just as he was about to take leave, a courier arrived, bringing the intelligence that the British escort demanded for Lady Alice Germaine had arrived under flag of truce, and that they had orders to gain the lady's consent to an immediate transfer of herself and baggage to the boat, which was now riding at anchor in the bay. Although she knew the summons must come, and come speedily, Lady Alice was almost overwhelmed by the announcement, that at last seemed to come upon her with all of the suddenness of an unexpected blow. Yet she recovered her self-command ere any one but Reginald perceived the deadly pallor of her countenance and the trembling of the delicate fingers that grasped the arm of a chair for support. To both it was one of those moments of supreme emotion, which fortunately can not repeat itself often in the space of human life. The heart at such times seems to assert its supremacy over all minor considerations of

etiquette and ordinary routine. Disguise seems to sink into its native littleness, and the dread of what people may think and say, to be wholly lost in the instinct that compels the noble mind to be true to itself, and the promptings of disinterested affection.

General Washington, with instinctive delicacy, bade adieu in as few yet kind and fatherly words as possible. Lieutenant Lewis, he said, would see the lady safely aboard ship, while he would himself attend to the proper conduct of whatever other steps might be taken for her comfort.

Mrs. Cadwallader declared that everything was in readiness to depart at a moment's warning, and craved the Lieutenant's pardon for leaving the room, to give necessary orders to the servants. This lady was herself deeply distressed at the sad necessity which was to separate her from her beloved young charge. Not wishing to add to the pain of parting, she was glad to escape observation for a few minutes, and in private shed the tears, from whose indulgence her motherly tenderness could no longer refrain. Alice she requested to remain in the parlor as Madge could just as well bring down her wrappings, and save her the fatigue of ascending a long flight of stairs. Left alone with the idol of his heart, Reginald could not forbear giving vent to his long pent-up feelings

of love, devoted love to her, from whom to be thus parted, he now declared was bitterness itself. He only desisted when he perceived the fearful struggle which was going on in the poor girl's breast, and felt that they both must indeed summon all the self-control they could command, to enable them to go through the last trying scene of separation.

"Only one word do I ask from your lips, dearest lady," said he, "to sustain me during the long, long days when I may no more be gladdened by the sunshine of your countenance. Only say that you are not wholly indifferent to me, for I have the conviction that such a sweet assurance will be as a talisman against doubt, yes, even against despair."

With a gesture of grief, heart-rending to behold, and yet smiling through her tears, Alice extended her hand, took from her finger a slender and curiously wrought gold ring, and tremblingly placed it in the palm of his hand, which was not slow to clasp that of the donor and imprint upon it a deferential kiss of gratitude and devotion. With a flash of her wonted brightness breaking through the gloom that environed her, she drew back, as if frightened at the concession she had made and said half playfully: "So much may not be denied to the faithful knight of the damsel errant. Let him know that while that ring remains

intact, the heart of the donor beats and beats for him."

"Oh! the cruel fate, replied he in the same strain, that prevents the knight from rather encircling the finger of his lady-love with a gay gold ring, which were fitter. But is there no token which he may leave with her as a guage of true love?"

"A lock of your hair, Sir Knight, is all that the lady asks," and holding out a pair of small shining pocket scissors, she bade him bow his head and cut with her own hand a curl of his dark brown hair, and had hardly concealed it within her watch-case ere Mrs. Cadwallader returned, followed by her maid laden with wrappings, in which they soon enveloped her, and then there was no longer any excuse for delay in proceeding to the wharf. At the door they met Oswald Caperton who was hurrying in to bid Lady Alice good-bye. Finding that they were just about to depart, he asked leave to accompany them, and offering his arm to Mrs. Cadwallader, they led the way and thus afforded Reginald and Alice an opportunity to exchange a few more words.

"You will surely write to Attaway, will you not?" imploringly asked he. "I shall at least in that way have the happiness of hearing of your welfare?"

"Dear Attaway! You may depend upon my

writing to her, as surely as if she were my own sister, for so true a friend has she ever proved herself to be, that upon our correspondence rests the only gleam of hope that shines upon the darkness of this hour."

"Say not that, I pray you. Why should not your, let me say *our* horizon be all aglow in the bright radiance of hope? You have called me your knight; think you that Sir Galahad set forth on his quest of the Holy Grail with greater ardor than shall your knight, unworthy as he is to win your hand. Be happy. Let me ever think of you as radiant and joyous. Trust me, we shall conquer destiny and all will yet be well."

"Thank you for your words of cheer. They give your poor friend an added motive for trying to bear up."

But they had now reached the busy wharf. A curious crowd were gazing and gaping, with unfriendly eyes enough upon the trim government pinnace, that, under shelter of the flag of truce, was so confidently riding at anchor. The broad bosom of the bay—how calm and beautiful that summer evening. The rich crimson and gold tints of the brilliant sunset clouds were reflected from the mirror-like surface of the water with a warmth of color that seemed insensibly to breathe somewhat of brightness and tranquillity into the mournful hearts of the

group, who stood there bidding good-bye. "It may be for years, or it may be forever."

But why linger over the scene. Who shall portray the bitterness of those young hearts, then, first to taste of so deep a cup of sorrow?

Shall it be drunk to the dregs? Or through its very bitterness be transmuted into a draught of joy, purer and sweeter than earth-born mortal ever quaffed before!

A gentle pressure of the hand, a long, fond look exchanged, a God bless you, and all is over.

Lightly the bark rides over the waves. Mary Stuart was hardly so sad as she gazed upon the retreating shores of her beloved France, as was our sweet Alice. For had not she a kingdom to look forward to, kneeling courtiers and flattering friends; but this poor child had left her *all* behind, and as she watched the forms of her friends as long as she could see them, she felt a sense of desolation that almost deprived her of consciousness, and made her sit upon deck, motionless and silent as a statue, until Madge, her faithful servant who stood by weeping, not daring to utter words of consolation but filled with deepest sympathy, finally drew her away with gentle force, and prevailed upon her to lie down and rest her over-tried and weary frame.

Oh! to lift the veil of the future. How the

unsolved mysteries of coming life prey upon the spirit, and lead it with yearning to cry out. Oh! to know what is laid up for me in that store-house of the future. Hope whispers: You shall have the desire of your heart in fullest measure. But while the smile still plays upon our features, in view of the pleasing prospect, lo! a phantom has appeared, and holds his finger up and hints—we know not what—but grim fear takes hold upon us and we are too glad to fall back and catch at the skirts of doubt—anything in short—save the horrible certainty of coming evil.

Thank God that we may not lift the curtain from the future.

CHAPTER V.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

To some rare souls it hath been given,
To hear at once, the word from heaven,
Which felled some absent loved one at a stroke.
By quick sharp sense of loss the lover knows
The very instant, when his twin soul goes
Into the limits of a higher sphere.
And leaves its fellow, stricken—mourning here.
I question, but his heart such message broke—
But things like this have been, and may be yet again.
Anonymous.

REGINALD was doubtless wretched enough after Alice's departure, but the duties of his responsible post were too wholesomely engrossing to admit of an over indulgence of sentiment.

No one, to look at the elasticity of step with which the young soldier moved to obey the orders of a superior officer, the kindling of enthusiasm in his eye when deputed to perform some difficult or perilous undertaking, would have dreamed that his spirit was oppressed by a secret sorrow. The consciousness of being loved seemed to endue him with energies and strength of resolve hitherto lying dormant. Nothing seemed to daunt—nothing to dishearten him. Privations of which there were plenty, anxieties that were not few, seemed to have no power to quench the ardor or the hope of his

spirit. Nearly related to Washington as he was, he seemed to partake in peculiar measure of the qualities of his mind—the same power of self control—the same rigid adherence to the requirements of duty, and the same unparalleled modesty.

Oswald Caperton had ever been his inseparable friend in boyhood, and now as brothers in arms, their attachment seemed to deepen. They occupied a tent with two other officers, and managed to lighten each other's cares and perplexities in many and comfortable ways.

More than three months had elapsed since Lady Alice had been sent to Staten Island within the British lines, and yet not a word had been heard of her further progress. Letters came from Mrs. Cadwallader and Attaway, expressing the keenest anxiety to get some news of the dear friend, about whose welfare they could not help feeling the deepest solicitude.

It was one dark October night, the camp fires burnt low, or rather had been wholly extinguished by the driving rain which for hours had been falling in torrents, while every now and then a fierce gust of wind seemed to threaten to tear up every tent, and lay them flat on the ground. Still the soldiers for the most part slept heavily, wrapped up head and ears in their dusky blankets.

Suddenly Oswald Caperton was awakened by

hearing Reginald breathing very heavily, then with a suppressed groan he saw him wringing his hands as though in an agony of grief, and upon going to his side, he perceived that he was fully awake, but his countenance so fearfully altered that in the course of a few moments, he seemed to have gone through the sufferings of a lifetime. Stooping down by his side, he whispered, in order not to awaken their sleeping companions :

“Dear, dear Reginald, what is the matter? Tell your friend; tell your brother.”

“Not here! Not here!” he cried, hastily rising and casting about him his soldier’s cloak. “It is stifling here? Come out into the forest; I’ll tell you there.”

“But it is raining dreadfully. You must be ill. It will be the death of you.”

“Come! Only come!” He was trembling violently, and when he looked down at his hand and saw that his ring was gone, a fresh expression of horror escaped his lips.

“My ring, Oswald, Oh! where is my ring?”

Groping on the floor, aided by the faint glimmer of the flickering candle which burnt low in its socket, Oswald at last discovered the ring, rather its fragments, for alas, it had snapped in twain. Convulsively Reginald seized the pieces, tried vainly to see if they would reunite, and again groaned heavily.

Seeing one of the sleepers begin to move restlessly, Oswald no longer resisted his friend's importunity, but followed him, as with disordered steps he bent his way towards the forest, which lay within a few hundred yards of the camping ground. One solitary sentinel only challenged them as he trod his lonely beat despite the opposition of the warring elements. Giving the countersign Oswald passed him however, without more than eliciting an ejaculation of surprise, as he saw two officers abroad on such a night and in such guise.

Under the shelter of an overarching oak, where a great flat rock furnished a natural resting place, Reginald at last paused. He bared his head and breast and seemed to gasp for breath, nor was it until some little time had elapsed that he could articulate; even then, doubtless, he was aided too by the soothing consciousness, that he had at his side a friend who deeply sympathized with him in every feeling. At last he broke silence:

“It cannot—Oh! it cannot be true!”

“What? Can what be true?”

“Oh! that vision, that terrible vision of the night!”

“As the wind howled and whistled around us, ere I fell asleep—so it seemed to do in my dream. At last I was uplifted and borne upon the breath of the fierce north wind, into

what seemed the very cave of Æolus, where warring elements were in angry contention, and where I seemed but the mere unnoted plaything of tempest, storm and rushing whirlwind. But I seemed to be devoid of feeling on my own account—bereft of sensibility to the horrible nature of my surroundings. All my faculties were absorbed by one dread anxiety; for beneath me I saw a ship bravely battling with her destiny. A mountain-shaped iceberg was plowing its steerless course right across her track. In letters of living fire I saw the name of the vessel inscribed upon its side: “The Amphrite.” I recognized it at once as the vessel on which, Lord Howe had stated in his dispatch, that Lady Alice should take passage. In breathless suspense—chained down myself by powers invisible—I awaited the collision—and oh, horrors! it did come, with such a crash, such grinding, groans, and shrieks and screams. But amid all the din I distinguished the form, and heard the voice of my own sweet girl. But it was in the low solemn voice of prayer in which she spoke. She stood upon the deck, all robed in white—her fair hair flowing down her back, her feet bare—and at her feet crouched poor Madge, the faithful girl who would never be parted from her mistress. Even in that moment of supreme anguish, the lovely vision thrilled me with a painful rapture of

delight. Oh! 'twas heaven just to gaze upon that angelic form! I heard—Oh! I heard her breathe my own name, too, in accents so fond and despairing. But then a cloud came in between us—then rifted—and last of all I saw her face lit up with such a smile of hope and love as I never saw before on human countenance, not even hers. She beckoned to me with a smile of seraphic sweetness, and radiant welcome. And lo! the vision faded and was gone. Darkness, tumult and despair again held sway; and then I awoke. Oh! Oswald, Oswald, you know the rest!”

“Dear Reginald, why mind the vagaries of a dream? Your Alice may have long ere this been safely landed in England. Do not give way in this unmanly fashion. Do you think it becomes a soldier—a nephew of Washington—to shake like an aspen leaf before the unreal fantasies of a dreaming brain? It is not like my own Reginald—my true soldier boy.”

Reginald only shook his head and buried it in his hands.

“Dear friend, I cannot shake off the impression; I tell you, my Alice is no more. This message has been sent me; whether in mercy or wrath, God only knows. But you speak well Oswald, I must remember my calling. I must endure since I can no longer hope. You need rest yourself, dear boy. We must to our places

again. Forgive me for so selfishly out-pouring my griefs in your ear; you have your own tender-heartedness to blame for it only—for I know, you feel for me—however you may blame my weakness.”

CHAPTER VI.

THE TUG OF WAR.

In Duty's thorny ways he trod:
Not loudly talked of love to God,
But meekly did his will.

FROM that night a change—inexplicable, save to a very few—seemed to have been wrought in young Lewis' whole nature.

From having been most social in his disposition, he grew taciturn and seemed altogether to shrink within himself, shunning conviviality of every sort.

A settled gloom sat upon his brow, and many feared lest he should sink into a hopeless melancholy. All that seemed to save him from such a fate was the activity of a soldier's life, which insensibly kept him from being wholly given up to his own melancholy reflections. We shall not detain the reader with an account of his participation in campaignings whose history is but the history of the Revolution, with whose incidents we should all be familiar. Suffice it to say that this young soldier allowed no private grief to interfere with the performance of his public duty.

During the long winter at Valley Forge,

which so tested and proved the mettle of the American soldiery, few equalled and none surpassed Lieutenant Lewis in the fortitude displayed under circumstances disheartening to the bravest souls. Beautiful was the patience with which he, and the men generally, endured the soul-trying inactivity of that terrible season, the cold of which was so unprecedentedly severe, even in that bleak Northern climate.

Touching was the sight of that youthful face, so stern in its sadness, and yet more touching the readiness with which he was still wont to administer consolation to others wherever he saw it was needed. Never did his features relax into a smile unless when endeavoring to rally the broken spirit of some homesick comrade, he was enabled through self-forgetfulness to assume a cheerfulness that was now a stranger to his heart.

In ministering to the distresses of others, he found the only solace, that could even for a moment cheat him out of a sense of his own bitter misery and desolation. Blessings were breathed upon his name by many a poor dying soldier, that he had aided in extremity, and many a valuable life was saved to the country through the instrumentality of his tender, skillful nursing. The history of that winter's struggles and triumphs will be read and appreciated, while there is one heart left that glows with

responsive warmth at the recital of deeds of patriotism and self-denial.

The presence of woman, too, did, who knows how much towards keeping alive that religious fervor of devotion to country, that nerved the poor half-starved, ill-clad soldiers to such endurance of cold, hunger and lack of all home comforts.

Mrs. Washington, Lady Sterling, and Mrs. Knox were some of the ladies whose presence cheered and sustained the often sinking spirits of those brave men, upon whom depended the fate of the embryo United States.

Filled with concern at the unhappy state in which he beheld his beloved nephew, General Washington had advised his wife to bring Attaway with her to Valley Forge, that Reginald might have the comfort of his sister's sympathy and counsel in this time of distress.

Meanwhile a stray English paper had found its way into camp somehow detailing the account of the shipwreck of "The Amphrite," and moreover mentioning among the names of passengers lost, those of Lady Alice Germaine and her maid.

So poor Alice's fate was no longer conjectural, and what was passing strange, the date tallied exactly with the night and hour when Reginald Lewis had been first pierced with the conviction, that she, whom he had adored as living, must now be mourned as dead.

Let the skeptic mock—the fact stands firm—the historian but chronicles incidents that have truly come to pass—leaving it to the philosopher to account for phenomena, whose primal causes lie far beyond our ken.

Attaway's appearance in camp was indeed a boon to more than her afflicted brother. To what shall we liken the effect produced by the appearance of a modest girl amid such an environment as was hers in this case? If we say to a solitary rose amid a wilderness of thorns, we would not overdraw the mark.

Oswald Caperton felt it to be no unfavorable time to press his suit, sanctioned as it was by her brother as well as uncle. The hours of social communion were sweetened by the rareness of their coming. And when the camp was broken up in spring, upon report of the British evacuation of Philadelphia, it seemed as if the pang of setting out for the wars was renewed on either side.

Under Mrs. Washington's protection Attaway still remained, and the place chosen for their summer retreat was a delightful New Jersey farm house, selected as a point where they could probably, better than elsewhere, be kept informed as to the movements of the army—necessarily so uncertain—as well from its apparent security of position, as regarded invasion by the enemy.

CHAPTER VII.

THE BATTLE OF MONMOUTH.

War drives her bloody chariot on,
Who heeds the victims trampled on,
Or pauses till the day is won?

ON the 28th of June, 1778, occurred the battle of Monmouth, one of the most brilliant passages at arms that was recorded during the war, and one wherein the valor of both armies was fully illustrated.

Like so many engagements of the sort, it took place on the Sabbath day. The quiet of those sacred hours set apart for rest and refreshment of soul and body was broken before the dawn of that summer morning by notes of warlike preparation, ill at harmony with the spirit of the scene and hour.

Alas! for the message borne heavenward by the lark, who, scared from his happy home, amid the grass of the hitherto pleasant plains of Monmouth, fled with affrighted cry before the dreadful wrath of warring man.

Never before that day had Washington so plainly asserted himself as one born to command. When through the apparent misconduct of Lee, the American forces were in full

retreat before an exultant foe, with the strength of his own mighty will, by the force of his own resistless energy, he executed that most difficult of all military achievements, viz: made a fleeing host stand still—then turn—and go back with tenfold fury to withstand the force before which they had just cowered, wavered, and retreated. Lafayette as well as others, attests the fact that Washington was terrible in his wrath that day, and that all yielded like wax to the plastic skill of his formative hand, as with incredible rapidity, quick insight and comprehensive genius, he wheeled the troops about, and led them on himself to victory and triumph.

Late in the afternoon when both armies were well nigh spent with the sultriness and overpowering heat of the day, as well as, in many cases, by a fast unbroken since the night before, the British lines were seen to be giving way on all sides, and now was felt to be the critical moment for deciding the fortunes of the day. Victory inclined so plainly to the side of the Americans, that it was felt, that it but needed a brisk and general charge of Morgan's cavalry, to turn what was a check into a complete disaster to British arms.

Washington's quick eye was the first to see the necessity of the move, and calling Reginald Lewis to his side, as he was his bravest and

most trusted aide-de-camp, he bade him speed to General Morgan, and order him to advance to the charge, without losing a moment.

To be ordered was with Reginald to obey.

His splendid bay charger that had borne him in every engagement during the war, at the gentlest touch of rein and spur, bounded off at full gallop. For, a veritable war horse, the crackling sound of the rifles, and war of musketry and cannon, seemed to animate him with excitement, uncontrollable, save by a yet stronger devotedness and submission to the will of the master whose weight he so loved to sustain.

How swiftly sped the horse and rider!

Like a flash of lightning they darted along the darkening line of troops across the morass—past Freehold church—but alas! alas! they but sped into the jaws of death.

A British sharp-shooter had descried this young officer, and with cruel perspicacity conceived that his errand must be one involving mightily the rebels' interest and so, malignly fired, with true, sure aim.

Reginald fell, shot through the breast, his faithful horse, a self-appointed sentinel, standing over his body—in woe that seemed hardly speechless; for, fondly he touched first the soft, silky curls, that lay unheeded across the marble brow—then the hand, and again, lifting his

head on high, tossed his mane, and whinnied, as if to call for help.

And how fared it with the message?

In vain Washington waited for the appearance of Morgan's brave men.

In vain Morgan waited for the summons he panted to hear. It never came.

With that priceless young life, its heart's blood now oozing slowly out, by the roadside, in the dark grass of the gloomy marsh, perished Washington's hope of this time gaining a complete victory over his vaunting, even now, baffled foe.

Well Washington knew the reliability of his aide-de-camp. As soon as it was evident that no more fighting was to be done that night, he sent out an especial party to search for his nephew, as well as to provide for the wants of other wounded. Terrible was his anxiety—and sad the fulfillment of his worst apprehension.

Oswald Caperton headed the reconnoitering party, and when he came near the fatal spot, he needed no human tongue to tell him the brief, sad tale of his friend's calamity, for when he saw Barbet, Reginald's well-known horse standing as we have described, all flashed upon him in an instant, and putting spurs to his own jaded steed, he was soon bending over the prostrate form of him, whom he never knew before how dearly he loved—chafing his cold hands, and

endeavoring to staunch the blood, that was yet flowing.

In this he succeeded, but Reginald was in a swoon, and, for some time gave no sign of returning animation, much less recognition. Not even a stretcher was to be procured at this distance from camp, so that the men could only make shift to extemporize one, hastily constructed out of two strong poles, covered with interlacing branches of trees, over which one or two generous fellows laid their own coats to soften if possible this rough and hard couch, so ill fitted to conduce to the repose of their wounded comrade.

Slowly the sad procession moved, and bitter they felt would be the tidings to their chief, whose cares were already so heavy and oppressive, that observers said he never smiled.

CHAPTER VIII.

LIGHT BEYOND.

There is no death--the stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore.
And bright in Heavens jewelled crown
They shine forever more.

Bulwer.

OSWALD'S first thought had been of Attaway, and he determined to get her word that very night, of her brother's sad condition, that she might, if possible, get to him and see him ere he died, if die he must—but at that thought he was perfectly unmanned and could not refrain from bowing his head and weeping bitterly.

As the whole army, Washington included, slept upon their arms, expecting to renew the fight next day, the best provision that could be made for Reginald's accommodation was in the bare hastily erected field hospital, where already some score of poor fellows were paying forced tribute to Moloch in the shape of gaping wounds, groans, and sufferings intense.

Leave was instantly granted Oswald to wait upon his friend, and more than once that night Washington himself bent over him in silent prayer, and no pains of surgeons' skill or nurses'

art was spared to restore him to consciousness and life.

For some time all efforts were vain, but at last, with a slight convulsion of the frame, he opened his eyes, and touching his lips, seemed to ask for water. When a little had been given him, he was evidently revived, and pressed Oswald's hand several times without, however, being able to speak.

And thus watching eagerly the flickering of the feeble flame burning low—Oh! so low in the lamp of life—Oswald passed the weary hours of that wretched night.

A swift courier had been dispatched to the country house where Mrs. Washington and Attaway were even then probably anxiously waiting news from the dear ones in the army. For less than thirty miles distant, rumors of the battle would certainly reach them, even if the cannonading had not spoken for itself from the reverberating hills. Attaway bore the tidings like a brave girl and true sister as she was. Although torn by grief, she was up and dressed in a travelling suit before her wondering attendants could believe she had really comprehended the nature of the dread summons, which had been communicated to her with hardly an effort to prepare her mind.

Mrs. Washington longed to go with her niece, but dared not leave her present quarters,

without express directions from the General. She consoled herself by making up a large bundle of lint, entrusted to the courier's care a case of medicine and fine old French brandy, insisted upon sparing her own faithful servants Cæsar and his wife, Chaney, to attend Miss Attaway, and with the tenderest solicitude provided for every probable want. Her own carriage, too, was put at her service, and so in one hour after the news reached them, Attaway Lewis was on her way to see, perhaps for the last time, that elder brother who had from childhood up, been her pride, closest friend, and ever ready protector.

Not until left quietly to her own reflections, as they drove rapidly on through the night, did she realize his and her own situation. In the midst of her agony she could not forbear breathing a prayer of thankfulness that at least her uncle and Oswald were yet spared to her unharmed.

But what is this?

As they enter a deep ravine, passing through a dark pine forest, the horses stop—the postillion shouts—the driver curses, and the small escort of two soldiers were called for by the startled girl, but all in vain. They had been seized and forcibly detained in the rear, before they had time to fire a shot in self defense.

Dark muffled figures were seen to flit to and

fro. Torches gleamed and distinctly she heard a gruff voice bid the driver "Fork over every cent of money he and his cursed baggage carried, or," with a horrible oath he swore they should "never leave that spot alive."

Suddenly roused in this disagreeable manner from grief so absorbing as to almost amount to stupor, Attaway was at first only conscious of one pang of terror; quickly succeeded by that fire of indignation, and impulse of resistance to unlawful power, which is instinctive with heroic souls.

In a moment it flashed upon her—what she had forgotten totally before—through the all absorbing anxieties of the hour—viz: that she was passing through Monmouth Pine Forest, the very district infested by the "Pine Robbers," a band of Tories, who had thought it virtue to waylay, rob, and even murder unwary, patriot travellers.

Rapidly going over in her mind all the valuables in her possession, she remembered the signet ring, which poor Lady Alice had given her, as possessing talismanic power over any British subject.

With feminine tact as well as heroism, she let down the glass window of the coach, only to have a pistol pointed at her head. Her spirit roused rather than intimidated by the

insult, she demanded in firm tone to see the captain.

“Hold!” cried she. “You know not to whom you offer indignity! Is it thus brave men meet friends?”

“No lies to me, young woman!” said a huge black-bearded ruffian, coming so close as to make Attaway shudder. “Jack Fenton calls no rebel friend.”

“Do you resist this sign of authority?” said she, feeling her courage fast dissipating, and only sustained in her poor attempt at dissimulation, by the agonizing desire, at all hazards, to pursue her journey and get to her suffering brother. She held up the ring before him, and when he had examined it by the light of a flaming torch, and recognized the device of the seal, with the name of the British Governor engraved inside, he evidently began to waver in his evil purpose, and with sulky ungraciousness, returned it to the lady.

Calling to several of his men by name, they withdrew a little way, and seemed to be in angry conference. At last Fenton, who had spoken first, came back to the carriage door and said:

“You have given us a sign of authority that we gladly yield to. If a rough man like myself may not intrude upon a lady’s secret, yet I can not see anyone plainly so high in Lord George

Germaine's favor travel through this unquiet country without an escort. If you are truly England's friend—pardon the doubt—but two rebel soldiers rode in your company (and here he gave a scowl that was hideous to behold in the lurid glare of the torch light); we must ride with you at least until you get beyond the rebel encampment, which is not far distant. For how could a friend of our Governor hold fellowship with his enemies?"

To this implied questioning of her good faith, Attaway vouchsafed no reply. But what could she do?

If she refused their escort, it was to betray herself; if she accepted it, who could foretell the consequences. The latter course she adopted, and why? Because her woman's instinct bade her congratulate herself upon every mile that brought her nearer Reginald, and she trusted that some unforeseen opportunity would occur of ridding herself of such abhorred companionship.

In silence only broken by the gruff voices of the men, as every now and then, they uttered an imprecation on the bad roads—bad luck of the night—or some thing so, the queer cavalcade rode on. Cæsar, Chaney, the driver and postilion strangely enough kept their counsel; concealing the fact that they had in charge

“Marse Washington’s niece,” more through fear we apprehend, than any prudence of wisdom.

Just as the gray twilight of dawn began to show a pinkish flush, betokening the approach of day, they reached the outposts of the American lines, around which the robbers hoped to skirt, and thus effectually prevent any attempt at treasonable correspondence on the part of their fair charge.

But soon the firing of guns all along the advanced lines of pickets, showed them that the approach of their party had not been unobserved, and that the army was upon the alert against any surprise.

While Fenton conferred as to the next movement of his troop, before they had come to any conclusion, the road seemed suddenly alive with men.

The only recourse was in instant flight, for which there was no opportunity given, but by striking into a long stretch of woods to the right. Like most ruffians they were cowardly, and without a moment’s remorse deserted their defenceless charge, with as much dastardliness as they had shown effrontery in its assumption.

A cannon was pointed at the fugitives, and an enfilading shot fired, with what execution none could say.

Cæsar, Chaney, driver and the whole crew

found their tongues immediately, screaming with all their might to the troops for God's sake not to fire upon them, and strike their own General in the person of his family.

A strange form was in the van, looking yet more strange in the wan light of early morning. From the soldier's cap, officer's sword, and masculine way of bestriding a horse, you would have believed you saw a man and soldier, but then the lower part of the form was draped in petticoats, and evidently belonged to a woman. She seemed to lead the party, which was soon explained to belong to Livingston's Regiment, 2nd Corps of Artillery, U. S. A., and the anomalous individual at the head to be no other than Captain Molly, who had so distinguished herself, and that under such trying circumstances, as to win for herself not only the merited praise of the whole army, but Washington's word of approval, besides his bestowal upon her of a sergeant's commission, as a substantial testimony to her singular gallantry.

The brave creature had seen her husband shot down as he stood at his gun, preparing to fire. Instead of yielding to womanly grief, she rushed forward herself and took his vacant post, and managed her piece with such dexterity and skill, as to elicit the wonder and admiration of all that witnessed her well-aimed,

if untutored efforts to turn the scale of victory against her foes. When the fighting was over for the day, and she retired to her lonely tent, the rights of nature asserted themselves, and she threw herself on the ground weeping and wailing, with all the abandon of a warm-hearted daughter of Erin. The excitement of the day had been too much for even her stalwart frame, and steady nerves, and unable to sleep, she had been among the first to hear the sentinel's alarm shot, and, in a trice was upon the field of action. After the robbers were put to flight, she rode up to the carriage door to see who its occupants might be, and what further was to be done. When it had been explained that this was the sister of Lieutenant Lewis hurrying to his bedside, nothing could exceed the alacrity with which Captain Molly proposed to be their guide to the very spot, which was now not more than one mile distant.

So great was the prejudice, at that time, against woman's assumption of any of the so-called rights of man, that Attaway felt a greater indisposition to confide in this anomalous creature, on account of her belonging to the same sex.

The color of Molly's naturally florid complexion was further heightened by the fever of grief and excitement, through which she had just passed. Her short red curly hair looked

very mannish beneath her soldier's cap, her coat was the common blue uniform of our army, and the rather short stout petticoat was bedraggled with blood and mire of yesterday's conflict.

It was almost with a shudder of disgust that the refined Attaway felt disposed to turn from this new volunteer protector. But the first word Captain Molly spoke disarmed her prejudice, and touched a chord of sympathy in her tender nature.

"Och lady! and is it that the likes of you must be after going through saynes that rend the soul of a poor rough body like myself? And belave it, I saw my own brave man struck down yesterday jist forninst me. But God forgive me many a Britisher fell in his tracks before Mike's gun."

"An' is it your brother, lady, that is lying low?"

"Alas, yes, good woman;" replied Attaway, "and, if you please, lose no time in leading me to his tent. It misgives me, that he may already be no more. Oh! the bitter agony of this suspense!"

"God bless your ladyship; An' not a moment will Molly lose in guiding ye to the place. I know the sight of ye will do the sick man good." And she bowed her head down to the saddle bow and wrung her hands in a sudden fit of anguish, as she remembered her own

desolate state, and that poor Mike had reached that bourne where the voice of wife and sister could neither soothe or comfort more.

“Poor woman!” said Attaway vainly trying to console her, “Remember that your husband has died a patriot’s death. And you by taking his place so nobly, you yourself will share in the gratitude which we all feel to him; yes, must feel to whomsoever gives his blood for our country.”

“Arrah its cold comfort! as ye know yeself lady, but as the praste tills me, ‘God’s will be done.’ But,” added she, without a moment’s pause her bright eye kindling, “Bad ’cess to all traitors! ’an its this arrum that’ll never lay down its musket until Molly lies low or sees our blissed Ginerall conquer, and ivrey wretch driven beyant the seas, as would chain us to proud England’s skirts.”

And now as they drew near to the hospital tent, marked by the yellow flag flying from its pinnacle, Attaway’s agony of suspense became too great to admit of her exchanging a word with her strange companion. She feared that all might now be over.

The carriage was now halted a few yards from the entrance, and when Oswald came out to assist her in alighting, she almost fell fainting in his arms.

He only pressed her hand, and whispered,

“Oh! How thankful he will be that you have come! Bless you for making the effort.”

These few words lifted a weight of woe from her heart, and buoyed up by the faint glimmer of hope thus given her, as well as by the nearness of that other friend, she walked bravely into the room already hallowed by the brooding presence of the angel of death.

Reginald lay on a low couch, supported by extemporé cushions, such as the scanty supplies of the Continental Army afforded. Yet his eye shone with a serene and brilliant lustre, and a smile lit up his features unearthly in its radiance.

“God bless you, little sister,” he murmured. “You’re just in time to say good-bye and let me have my last earthly wish gratified. Let the clergyman be called; he is not far off. Just kneel down both of you, and let me place Attaway’s hand in yours Oswald—then I shall depart without a care, for I shall know that she will want for no earthly source of happiness. Take care of Barbet, Oswald. He is yours.”

All this was spoken slowly and with effort.

Meanwhile the summoned clergyman had come. In deepest emotion the two knelt on either side of the humble couch, and felt that their union would acquire a double sacredness from their vows having been exchanged in Reginald’s presence, and at his desire.

When the short, beautiful marriage service was ended, Reginald drew a deep breath of contentment.

"I am tired now. I think I will go to sleep. But no," he added in an altered tone, "I am going where there is no night, no sleep." Once more he cast a long, fond look upon the dear ones at his side, and waved his hand to them in token of farewell, then, as if he had beheld some lovely vision, stretched both hands upwards and with a face actually luminous with joy, fell back and expired.

The faithful friends who laid out the loved form of their comrade, found in a large gold locket next his heart, a faded rose—a broken ring. We know what they knew not, the significance of these tokens. But they were reverentially preserved, and with the addition of a curl of his own beautiful hair handed to Attaway, who we may well believe watered them with her tears.

CHAPTER IX.

CONCLUSION.

“Peace, blessed peace rings in her voice.”

Schiller.

SELDOM does it fall to the lot of man, to have his cup of joy so full as was that of Washington, upon his return to Mount Vernon, at the close of the war, which happy event took place on Christmas Eve, 1783. For more than seven years he had been a stranger to the home he loved so well, and no one who saw the serenity of contentment which sat upon his brow, so soon as he turned his face homewards, could, for a moment doubt that he had been perfectly sincere in his oft-repeated statement that he much preferred the quiet pursuits of the country gentleman to the heavy burdens of public life, however gilded.

Oftentimes attacked by the calumnies of the envious, his pure motives impugned—the wisdom of his actions called in question—he had borne all patiently, unmurmuringly. He had submitted to live in the constant turmoil of war and politics for his dear country’s sake, but in his heart of hearts, next after that consciousness of rectitude which furnished his soul with

so firm a stay against the assaults of his enemies, he found the surest refuge from troublous thoughts in forgetting the trying scenes by which he was surrounded and looking forward to Mount Vernon—his dear Virginia home—as a haven of repose, a very paradise of content. And now that long hoped-for day was come.

The Government boat which had been placed at his Excellency's service in New York to convey him home by sea, seemed to bear him but slowly to the long-wished for goal. Others on board besides himself were impatient to reach that hallowed spot.

Oswald Caperton, now a colonel in the army, stood by his side on deck, yet more eager to catch a glimpse of one, who he well knew would also be there to give him, too, a welcome home.

So well known was Washington's dislike to all parade and display, that the people all around, with genuine delicacy had agreed to give him no public reception, just at first, but allow their beloved General in privacy and quiet to receive his first welcome in the bosom of his own family.

Already from the landing, the gentlemen could see the familiar expanse of green lawn, dotted with many an evergreen planted by the master's own hand, then the house came in view, and on the portico overlooking the river

a family group awaited them, whose central point of interest was of course two tall and graceful female forms.

The carriage and four stood ready on the wharf—Old Cæsar grinned from ear to ear, as he bowed and scraped his humble greeting, the while caressing the splendid carriage horses at whose heads he stood, finding it hard in his childish vanity to refrain from calling the General's attention, the very first thing to the fine order in which he had kept those same horses "jes for Marser's sake ; he do set such store by dumb critters," he used to say. And keeping them fat and sleek, the old fellow had overcome laziness enough—heaven knows.

But when Oswald caught sight of Barbet, standing saddled and bridled on the shore, held by a groom in livery, he could no longer restrain his impatience, which was, however, mingled with emotions of the saddest nature. Jumping ashore, even before the boat was made fast to her moorings, he ran up the bank to greet poor Reginald's pet. One would almost have believed the recognition was mutual, as the horse stood there with arched neck and pawing hoof, looking more intelligent and beautiful than ever. Tenderly Oswald stroked the flowing mane, nor felt ashamed of the tears that filled his eyes at the memories evoked. Leaping into the saddle, the General's smiling per-

mission having been extended, he galloped on and was soon receiving the warmest of welcomes from his wife and aunt.

When General Washington arrived Oswald was in place to assist him to alight, and proudly presented his fair young wife, whom he now for the first time, felt to be his very own.

Mrs. Washington's exterior was calm, and yet there was a light in her eye and a benignant smile irradiating her countenance that betokened a heart overflowing with bliss.

A host of colored people of all ages were assembled on either side of the carriage-way, bowing and smiling and giving every possible demonstration of delight upon the return home of a master whom they loved as much as they revered. Well they knew that each one would get his Christmas gift on the morrow, besides plenty of good things at the holiday feast which was always spread for every creature upon the plantation, on the day that commemorated our Savior's birth. Following this would come a whole week's respite from work, and after that New Year's Day when many a bright silver piece would fall into the hands of all those who had rendered such service as could not be dispensed with. Assuredly without the setting of their dusky faces as a background, there would have been lacking a distinct element in what constituted a perfect picture of

home life, whose absence must have been missed regretfully by Washington himself. For strong was the tie of affection that linked together the served and servant in those old and well nigh forgotten days.

The head dining-room servant, who was himself a most awe inspiring individual, allowed no one but himself to take charge of his master's cloak and travelling packages, waving back in a most dignified manner, the younger servants who ventured to propose sharing the privilege.

The columns on the portico, overlooking the river were wreathed in evergreens, and over the front door had been erected an arch of holly, the word "Welcome" being distinctly traced in its bright berries, that gleamed like coral amid the glistening green of the foliage that formed its background.

Through the open hall doors was to be seen the yule log blazing on the hearth within, the polished floors shone like mirrors, and as the family disappear, hidden from view by the closing leaves of the hitherto wide open doorway, we, too, like their country neighbors, shrink from further intrusion, and reverentially turn away without essaying to cross the threshold.

But since it needs be that we close now these revolutionary reminiscences how pleasant to let the curtain drop upon a scene of smiling peace! And if to-day the same glad light sheds lustre

upon our land, do not we feel that its glory is reflected from that which went before ?

If so, let us see to it that the virtues whence grew up so fair a shaft, be cherished and fostered, until the last days be more glorious than the first ; as it were, the rich fruition of precious seed sown in the blessed days of “Auld Lang Syne.”

THE END.

THE WOMEN OF THE
REVOLUTION.

THE WOMEN OF THE REVOLUTION.

A thankworthy task it should assuredly be deemed, to preserve from oblivion the many deeds of woman's heroism and devotion to country, which illustrated the early days of our Republic; and, from diverse and obscure sources, to garner them here in such convenient and portable shape as fits them for ready transmission to future generations. The historian must indeed be superficial, who, in making a philosophical estimate of the units which together constitute the individuality of any age, ignores its domestic relations, as an important factor in the great sum whose mysteries he is endeavoring to solve. Eliminate from the life of any one man all those actions to which he has been prompted by the desire to please the woman who stands closest to his heart, be it mother, sister, or wife, and it were indeed strange if some of the fairest achievements of his life are not lost. And what is the history of any period of the world, but a record of human life in the aggregate?—an aggregate made up of individuals, whose incentives for

action, in the mass, must be sought in precisely the same sources as when they stood alone, separate and distinct; whose inspiration will be ever found in the character of those whom they love. Unwise, then, would be the student of Revolutionary lore, who should pass by as unworthy of his attention, the record of the lives of women who were, to say the least, companions of heroes, and who, although there might have been nothing about them to attract notice, if they had been allowed to pursue the even tenor of their ordinarily quiet lives, were yet found equal to the occasion, when through the cruel emergency of the hour, they were called upon to confront danger, surmount difficulties, and endure tortures both physical and mental.

As fact is ever more forcible than theory, and particular incidents more interesting than general statements, we shall doubtless be readily pardoned, in this article, for recalling some of the striking and lovely portraits drawn for us by Mrs. Ellet's truthful pencil.

First in the group must, of course, stand Mary Ball, the mother of Washington. The popular belief, that in the character of the mother may be read the future of her son, is, of course, an exaggeration of the truth; but Washington is no exception to the general truth, that a son's mind is moulded after the

pattern of his mother's, and his character perfected, in large measure, by the principles instilled into him in childhood at her knee. We hear of this lady first as a beautiful young girl, daughter of Colonel Ball, of Westmoreland, Virginia, and the belle of the Northern Neck. In person she was tall, graceful and dignified, clothed with more than an ordinary share of womanly modesty, and yet endowed with a faculty for controlling others, most unusual in one of her sex and years. Afterwards, as a mistress and mother, she maintained her authority inviolate; not through any outward demonstration of power, except, perhaps, the sudden kindling of the eye when provoked, but through that indefinable, but felt, force of will, that enabled her, almost without effort, to bring all about her to submit without question to her orders. In her own family, therefore, she reigned supreme; and yet her firmness was so tempered with considerate kindness, that her children idolized as well as feared her. Her husband, Augustine Washington, was a widower when she married him; and the difficult part of a stepmother she performed without reproach. She became, herself, the mother of four sons and two daughters, one of whom died in infancy. Her oldest child, George, was eleven years old when she became a widow; and upon her devolved the entire charge of her

husband's many plantations, besides the conduct of her children's education. Her talents for management were then brought into full requisition. How well she performed her task in the rearing of her oldest son, without the aid of a father's stronger arm, America gratefully acknowledges, in the homage paid to his virtues. Irving writes :—" Tradition gives an interesting picture of the widow with her little flock gathered round her, as was her daily wont, reading to them lessons of religion and morality out of some standard work. Her favorite volume was Sir Matthew Hale's *Contemplations*, moral and divine. The admirable maxims therein contained, for outward action as well as self-government, sank deep into the mind of George, and doubtless had a great influence in forming his character. They certainly were exemplified in his conduct throughout life. This mother's manual, bearing his mother's name, Mary Washington, written with her own hand, was ever preserved by him with filial care, and may still be seen in the archives of Mount Vernon. A precious document ! Let those who wish to know the moral foundation of his character, consult its pages."

During the whole of his career, General Washington was accustomed to pay the most unaffected and unusual deference to his mother ; and his meeting with her after the victory of

Yorktown, which decided the independence of the struggling colonies, is so remarkable and touchingly beautiful, that we transcribe it at second hand from Mr. Custis's narrative :

“After an absence of nearly seven years, it was at length, on the return of the combined armies from Yorktown, permitted to the mother again to see and embrace her illustrious son. So soon as he had dismounted, in the midst of a brilliant suite, he sent to apprise her of his arrival, and to know when it would be her pleasure to receive him. She was alone, her aged hands employed in works of domestic industry, when the good news was announced, and it was further told that the victorious chief was in waiting at the threshold. She welcomed him with a warm embrace, and by the well-remembered and endearing names of his childhood. Inquiring as to his health, she remarked the lines which mighty cares and many trials had made on his manly countenance; spoke much of old times and old friends; but of his glory, *not one word!* Meantime, in the village of Fredericksburg, all was joy and revelry. The town was crowded with officers of the French and American armies, and with gentlemen from all the country around, who hastened to welcome the conquerors of Cornwallis. The citizens made arrangements for a splendid ball, to which the mother of Washington was

specially invited. She observed, that though her dancing days were *pretty well over*, she should feel happy in contributing to the general festivity, and consented to attend. The foreign officers were anxious to see the mother of their chief. They had heard indistinct rumors respecting her remarkable life and character; but forming their judgment from European examples, they were prepared to expect in her that glare and show which would have been attached to the parents of the great in the Old World. How were they surprised when the matron, leaning on the arm of her son, entered the room! She was arrayed in the very plain, yet becoming garb worn by the Virginia lady of the olden time. Her address, always dignified and imposing, was courteous, though reserved. She received the complimentary attentions which were profusely paid her, without evincing the slightest elevation; and at an early hour, wishing the company much enjoyment of their pleasures, and observing that it was time for old people to be at home, retired, leaning as before on the arm of her son."

In the mysterious ordering of Providence, this noble lady was permitted to languish for years, and then die from the effects of cancer, that most humiliating of the diseases with which humanity is scourged. But even under this sore trial she maintained the integrity of

her religious faith, possessed her soul in patience, and was finally laid to rest in a beautiful rural spot of her own selection. It is situated on a high bluff near Fredericksburg, overlooking the Rappahannock river, and the site of the home where she had passed the brief, happy years of her married life. An unfinished white marble monument marks the spot where repose the remains of "Mary, the Mother of Washington," and many are the pilgrims who there turn aside to do her memory homage, and bow, we trust, with renewed purpose of soul, to emulate the virtues of truth, piety and benevolence, which shone so brightly in her life.

The last interview Washington ever had with his mother occurred just after he had been elected President, and before his departure for New York to take the oath of office. It was deeply affecting. Bowed down by the weight of fourscore and five years, and worn by the ravages of her fatal disease, the honored matron felt that she was bidding her beloved son a last farewell, and showed the strongest emotion during the interview. Washington said:—"Madam, the people have been pleased, with the most flattering unanimity, to elect me to the chief magistracy of the United States; but before I can assume the functions of that office, I have come to bid you an affectionate farewell. So soon as the public business, which

must necessarily be encountered in arranging a new government, can be disposed of, I shall hasten to Virginia, and—" Here the mother interrupted him with, "You will see me no more. My great age, and the disease which is fast approaching my vitals, warn me that I shall not be long in this world. I trust to God I am somewhat prepared for a better. But go, George, fulfil the destiny which Heaven appears to assign you; go, my son, and may Heaven's and your mother's blessing be with you always." Washington wept; the great man was again a little child, as he kissed the furrowed cheek of his mother with all the tender affection and simplicity of a loving boy. With a full heart he went forth to "fulfil the destiny" which Heaven assigned him, and he saw his mother no more.

As early as 1833, Andrew Jackson, the then President of the United States, repaired to Fredericksburg, in all the pomp of civic and military parade, to lay the corner-stone of the monument to be erected to Washington's mother; and still the tomb is incomplete; the noble obelisk, which was meant to crown its base, lying mutilated and neglected on the ground. Wild flowers and graceful vines, it is said, have sprung spontaneously around, as though to conceal the negligence of man. May it not be for long that this sad monument shall

remain to that spirit of procrastination and lack of enterprise which exist, to too great an extent, within the borders of the blessed, but not faultless, Old Dominion. Happy, indeed, must we count the land which can furnish to its daughters the example of a character so symmetrical as that which we have just described.

If Washington were blessed in a mother so fully qualified to guide his youthful footsteps into paths of rectitude and honor, he was equally so in finding a wife meet for the companionship of his maturer years. That the beginning of so fortunate a union was in accordance with the most approved modes of procedure in the school of romance, is pleasing enough to those who acknowledge the authority of its somewhat antiquated code. In his twenty-seventh year, Washington was already Colonel in the English army, and had seen abundance of active service in the border warfare with the French and their savage allies. In the spring of 1758, the Indians were making hostile demonstrations to an alarming extent in many unprotected portions of Virginia, and the terrified inhabitants appealed urgently to the military for defence. In response to this call, large forces of militia gathered together, in addition to the regular troops already in the field, preparing for an expedition against Fort Duquesne. All of these men were in desperate need of clothes,

arms, indeed everything that constitutes the soldier's outfit. Washington, after repeatedly soliciting relief for their necessities, but without avail, at last received the welcome order from Sir John St. Clair, quartermaster-general of the forces under the Commander-in-Chief, Forbes, to repair to Williamsburg, where the Council was in session, and there represent the pressing nature of the case. With alacrity the young officer obeyed the order, and set forth on horseback from Winchester, attended by Bishop, a faithful military valet. As he crossed the Pamunkey in a ferry-boat, he fell in company with Mr. Chamberlayne, a neighboring planter, who urged him to stop and partake of his hospitality; in short, he would take no denial. Washington objected much to the delay, but finally yielded, on condition that he might be allowed to depart immediately after dinner. Among a large company of guests already assembled in Mr. Chamberlayne's parlor, he was introduced to a young widow, Mrs. Martha Custis, whose maiden name, Dandridge, proved her to belong to a family of distinction. She is represented as possessing a fine figure, although rather below medium height, dark hazel eyes, chestnut brown hair, a winning countenance, and manners at once frank and engaging. There must indeed have been something peculiarly fascinating in the conversation, which could make Washing-

ton loiter in the path of duty, as was the case at this time. Bishop, punctual as the clock, brought out his horses at the hour named, but in dumb amazement heard them remanded to the stable. His master had allowed himself to be persuaded to tarry awhile longer, nor got his own consent to leave his charming new acquaintance until the following morning. The impression made that afternoon was not effaced, for, as Mrs. Custis's residence was not far from Williamsburg, the young soldier improved the opportunity for prosecuting his courtship, and was successful, despite the rivalry of many another suitor. Amid the pressing and conflicting duties of an ardent campaign, he made his way into the fair widow's affections; and before he was recalled to headquarters at Winchester, they became engaged, and appointed the marriage to take place so soon as Fort Duquesne should have fallen. Accordingly, we find that the wedding did take place, at the bride's residence, White House, New Kent County, January 6th, 1759, where the nuptials were solemnized in old Virginia style, amid a large circle of friends, and with general merry-making.

Washington now resigned all connection with the army, supposed his military career had drawn to a close, and, in good faith and contentment, proposed to himself henceforward to

lead the life of a retired country-gentleman. In view of the brilliant future that we know was before him, how strange seems the following sentence, penned at Mount Vernon a few months after his marriage:—"I am now, I believe, fixed in this seat, with an agreeable partner for life, and I hope to find more happiness in retirement than I ever experienced in the wide and bustling world." So little do even those who are Heaven's choicest instruments for good to their fellow-men, know of the path which is appointed for them to follow. The pursuits of agriculture and the pleasures of country life never lost their charm for Washington. Again and again we see him return to his beloved Mount Vernon, ardently longing to remain there; and again and again he is called forth to serve his country, a call to which no selfish gratification could ever make him deaf.

Mrs. Washington seems to have been one of those women who shine equally in domestic and social circles, so that it is hardly matter for surprise if her husband found his home so attractive as to have no need for seeking his happiness elsewhere. Doubtless, the secret of her charm lay in her piety, which was deep and sincere. In that long struggle which lasted with changing success for so many years, and whose issue trembled so often in the balance,

she showed that equanimity of spirit and temper which is a very tower of strength to its possessor, and a beacon of hope to all who come within reach of its blessed influences. In the dark days at Valley Forge, not to speak of many another dreary winter, the cheering effects of the presence of ladies in camp, more especially that of Lady Washington, is spoken of gratefully, in many a soldier's letter; and many a page of history, that would have been otherwise a dreary record of gloom, hardship, and disaster, is thus softened and brightened. Nor are we left without a description of this lady's mode of dress, which is worthy of note, as, doubtless, true daughters of the Republic will wish to imitate it. An old soldier tells the story of how there was much stir in the barracks, when it was bruited abroad that so grand a lady was coming to visit the camp as Lady Washington—one of those aristocratic Virginians whose pride was even then the subject of comment, and one who, at all events, as the wife of their Commander-in-Chief, might be expected to appear in elegant attire. Many flocked as near as they dared, to see her alight from her coach, and could hardly believe at first that the plainly dressed person whom they saw, with her only neck-dress a neatly folded kerchief, was the expected lady. But they were soon convinced of her identity when they

observed the manner of General Washington's welcome, and saw the deference paid her by all in attendance. Simplicity, with neatness, were marked characteristics of Mrs. Washington's attire, qualities which many of her sex in those days were not slow to imitate, led by so august an example. Since the funds which would ordinarily have gone for the adornment of their persons were now, in most instances, poured into the common treasury, this moderation on the part of the women of the day must have contributed in no small degree to the support of the ill-fed, ragged Continental troops, in whom, nevertheless, was centred every hope of coming freedom.

Who knows how much of that outward imperturbable serenity for which Washington has been so much admired, resulted from his possessing domestic peace—a wife at home in whom his heart could safely trust. The genuine hospitality of this pair is evinced by the cheerfulness with which it was dispensed, amid the discomforts and mean accommodations of camp-life, as well as when they were at home, surrounded by all the accessories of wealth, wherewith to provide comfort and good cheer for their visitors. The Marquis de Chastellux speaks feelingly of the warm reception he experienced at their hands, when the only chamber they had to offer him at night was a

small room, which during the day served quite a large company as a sitting-room. The trouble and inconvenience to which General and Mrs. Washington put themselves to entertain him, could not fail to call forth the gratitude of this impressible young Frenchman, and made him apprehensive, he says, lest M. Rochambeau might arrive the same day. He well knew that the expansiveness of their benevolence would not allow them to consider their own ease, where the accommodation of a guest was concerned.

An old veteran, many years afterwards, related an anecdote illustrative of Mrs. Washington's condescending kindness towards those in the humblest walks of life. He told how himself and several other young carpenters had been called upon by General Washington to make a buffet, to put up shelves, and some other little contrivances for the comfort of his wife, who was daily expected at headquarters. The lady arrived before the arrangements were complete, and hastened to impart her own instructions. While busied in her service, she so encouraged the workmen by her amiable manners, and by herself daily mounting the stairs with some refreshment for them, that they worked with a will, and all their life long treasured her parting words of approval, as something beyond price. When they called

her to inspect the completed task, their spokesman said, "Madam, we have endeavored to do the best we could ; I hope we have suited you." She replied, smiling :—" I am not only satisfied, but highly gratified with what you have done for my comfort." Simple words truly ; but were the poor men wrong to prize them, coming as they did from such a source ?

In the darkest hours of the war, Mrs. Washington's cheerful deportment infused spirit into the despondent, and her patient endurance of hardship made many ashamed to complain of their own trials, who would otherwise have used no such self-restraint ; and when prosperity came, that severest of tests, it was her modest, yet noble demeanor, together with that of her husband, which lent dignity to a new and untried form of government. Their stately simplicity of manner taught the world that republican institutions did not necessitate the abrogation of conventionality ; and their purity and moderation of life proved that the noblest patriotism might exist in union with great power, provided its seat lay in the hearts of the people ruled.

But it was not only in the circles of the rich and the great that woman's influence was felt in Revolutionary days. The same instinct of self-abnegation, and devotion to the cause of freedom, seemed to pervade all classes, and

shine with equal lustre among young and old, high and low; and that in all sections of the country. Time would fail to tell of all the expedients devised by female ingenuity, and all the sacrifices made in behalf of the infant republic. A letter from a Philadelphia lady to a British officer in Boston gives an idea of the pervading sentiment which filled them all:

“My only brother I have sent to the camp, with my prayers and blessings. I hope he will not disgrace me. I am confident he will behave with honor, and emulate the great examples he has before him; and had I twenty sons and brothers, they should go. I have retrenched every superfluous expense in my table and family; tea I have not drunk since last Christmas, nor bought a new cap or gown since your defeat at Lexington; and, what I never did before, have learned to knit, and am now making stockings of American wool for my servants; and this way do I throw in my mite to the public good. I have the pleasure to assure you that these are the sentiments of all my sister Americans. They have sacrificed assemblies, parties of pleasure, tea-drinking and finery, to that great spirit of patriotism that actuates all degrees of people throughout this extensive continent.”

One lady in Ulster County, N. Y., studied medicine, that, in the absence of physicians in the army, she might attend upon the sick in her

own neighborhood. Some stripped themselves of necessities to contribute to yet more pressing public needs, and gave not only of their own property, but solicited aid for the suffering soldiery from door to door. Silk banners were embroidered by delicate fingers, and presented to favored regiments, with a charge never to desert them. One brave fellow in New Jersey had already bidden farewell and set out for the army, with rifle across his shoulder, when, hearing his wife call to him from the window; he turned to receive her last words, which were briefly these;—"Remember to do your duty! I would rather hear that you were left a corpse on the field than that you had played the part of a coward." At that very instant her own hands were employed in scraping lint for the use of the wounded, for which purpose every particle of linen in the house had been torn into shreds. Some melted their pewter plates and spoons to convert them into bullets, cut up their own flannel garments, their blankets and sheets, to make clothes of them for the soldiers. In short, nothing could damp their enthusiasm, and no difficulty proved too great for their ardor to overcome.

Mrs. General Greene resigned her beautiful Rhode Island mansion, that it might do service as a small-pox hospital; and a young English girl, who afterwards turned out to be acting the

part of spy upon her kind entertainers, in giving expression to her own *ennui*, unwittingly supplies this testimony to the patriotic employments in which General Putnam's family were employed:—"My amusements were few; the good Mrs. Putnam employed me and her daughters constantly to spin flax for shirts for the American soldiery, indolence in America being totally discouraged."

The women of the Southern States were not behind their Northern sisters in devotion to the cause. They joined together in formal societies, pledging themselves to renounce tea and other foreign luxuries, and to wear clothing spun and woven by their own hands. In Rowan and Mecklenburg counties, North Carolina, young ladies of the best families signed a compact, binding themselves to accept no suitors who had refused to do military service for their country.

Nor was this feeling ephemeral, but as enduring as the occasion which called it forth. In 1779, the ladies of Philadelphia formed an association which contributed inestimably to the support of the then exhausted country. All contributed of their money or of their jewels, from the Marchioness de Lafayette down to Phillis, the humble colored woman, each according to the measure of her ability. General Washington, in a note to a committee of ladies

acknowledging contributions to the comfort of his men, writes: "The army ought not to regret its sacrifices, when they meet with so flattering a reward as in the sympathy of your sex." The Marquis de Chastellux thus reports a visit paid to Mrs. Bache, daughter of Benjamin Franklin:—"She conducted us into a room filled with work lately finished by the ladies of Philadelphia. This work consisted neither of embroidered tambour waistcoats, nor of network edging, nor of gold and silver brocade. It was a quantity of shirts for the soldiers of Pennsylvania. The ladies bought linen from their private purses, and took a pleasure in cutting them out and sewing them. On each shirt was the name of the married or unmarried lady who made it, and they amounted to twenty-two hundred."

Mrs. Motte, of South Carolina, gave a notable example of high-minded patriotism, which we cannot forebear quoting. It seems that her large, newly built mansion had become the centre of works which the British had converted into a fort. Opposite, and on a high hill, was a smaller and older farmhouse, to which Mrs. Motte had retired upon the intrusion of the enemy. Here Lee and Marion took position with their forces, and invested the fort, hoping to force it to surrender before succor could come to its relief. Lord Rawdon's near approach

made it necessary to hasten operations, and regretfully the two American commanders agreed that the only way to compel a surrender would be to fire the fort, which necessarily involved the destruction of Mrs. Motte's elegant residence. Hesitatingly they informed the lady of the painful duty incumbent upon them of destroying her property. "Mrs. Motte not only assented, but declared that she was 'gratified with the opportunity of contributing to the good of her country, and should view the approaching scene with delight.' Shortly after she sent for Lee, and presenting him with a bow and arrows which had been imported from India, requested that they might be used to convey combustible matter to the house." Mrs. Ellet adds, after giving an animated account of the affair:—"If ever a situation in real life afforded a fit subject for poetry, by filling the mind with a sense of moral grandeur, it was that of Mrs. Motte contemplating the spectacle of her home in flames, and rejoicing in the triumph secured to her countrymen, the benefit to her native land, by her surrender of her own interest to the public service."

But it was not always woman's active coöperation and approval that lent force to the blows with which the American sought to drive back the invader of his country's rights. Her very helplessness, and the cruel

persecutions to which her innocence was exposed, did more than aught else to convince the patriots of the stern necessity that lay upon them to conquer, if they would ever taste again the blessedness of security and peace. In 1780 occurred the Caldwell Tragedy, which, says one of the journals of the day, "has raised the resolution of the country to the highest pitch." Rev. James Caldwell was the pastor of the Presbyterian congregation at Elizabethtown. His church had been burned by a band of British and Tories, and he was forced to find a temporary home at Connecticut Flats. One morning the report came that a large company of the enemy were approaching, and the minister, knowing to what an extent he had incurred their hostility, in haste harnessed horses to a large baggage-wagon, and besought his wife to make her escape, with himself and their six children, while it was yet possible to make the attempt. Secure in a conviction of her own inoffensive conduct, and believing that no man could be cruel enough to harm a woman in the discharge of her maternal duties, she refused to abandon her home to plunder, and quietly resumed her place in the nursery, after expediting the flight of her husband and three older children. When the soldiery came up, she had just handed the infant to its nurse; a ruffian approached

close to the window, and taking deliberate aim at the mother, fired off his gun and instantly killed her. Even her lifeless remains were not left undisturbed, but her dress was cut open, and her pockets rifled of their contents. Strange to say, this barbarous and cold-blooded murder was not the work of savages, but of men calling themselves Christians and civilized. At all events it had a marvellous effect in arousing the public mind to a full sense of the cruel nature of the warfare being waged against them, and went far towards nerving them to meet bravely the issues of the contest in which they were engaged. But it was undeniable that the policy of the British Government had enlisted in its cause hordes of veritable savages, restrained by no motives such as move even the nominal Christian, and the war-whoop of the Indian was heard in all the frontier settlements, sending thrills of horror to the most stout-hearted, and how much more to the helpless women and children. The murder of Miss Jane McCrea had occurred the spring before, and created a sensation in Europe as well as America. The vision of the beautiful young creature, held by her long fair hair at arm's length, and murdered by a painted savage, long haunted the imagination of other than the children who heard it first from their nurse's lips. The simple faith

with which the poor girl had entrusted herself to the hands of such a guide, believing him to be the envoy of her lover, added pathos to the tale, which was repeated with deepest feeling far and near; and, in sooth, the reproach of employing such allies has never yet been wiped from England's escutcheon. For seven years the lovely Mohawk Valley continued to be but a bloody battle-field, and its peacefully inclined citizens could not lie down to sleep with any assurance that their rest would not be broken by the wild cry of the savage, and their eyes greeted by the flames of their own barns and dwelling houses. The massacres of Wyoming and Cherry Valley have not had greater publicity than their horrors deserved, yet the story is too painful and too complicated to enter upon in this place.

Out of many incidents told in illustration of the high-hearted courage shown by women of the period, we select one or two examples of peculiar interest and beauty. "One young girl, Miss Langston, residing in Laurens District, South Carolina, having heard by accident that the 'Bloody Scout' were about to visit the Elder settlement where her brother and some friends were living, determined at all hazards to give them warning. She was obliged to leave her home alone, by stealth, and at the dead hour of night. Many miles were to be

traversed, and the road lay through woods, and over marshes and creeks where the conveniences of bridges and foot-logs were wanting. She walked rapidly on, heedless of slight difficulties; but her heart almost failed her when she came to the banks of the Tyger—a deep and rapid stream, rendered more dangerous by the rains that had lately fallen. But the thought of personal danger weighed lightly with her; she resolved to accomplish her purpose or perish in the attempt. She entered the water; but when in the middle of the ford, became bewildered and doubtful which direction to take. The hoarse rush of the waters, which were up to her neck, the blackness of the night, the utter solitude around her, the uncertainty lest the next step would engulf her past help, confused her, and she wandered some time in the channel without knowing whither to turn her steps. But the energy of a resolute will, under the care of Providence, sustained her. Having with difficulty reached the other side, she lost no time in hastening to her brother, informed him and his friends of the preparations made to surprise and destroy them, and urged him to send his men instantly in different directions to arouse and warn the neighborhood. The soldiers had just returned from a fatiguing excursion, and complained that they were faint from want of food. The noble girl, not satis-

fied with what she had done, was ready to help them still further, by providing food and refreshment immediately. Though wearied, wet, and shivering with cold, she at once set about her preparations. A few boards were taken from the roof of the house, a fire was kindled with them, and in a few minutes, a hoe-cake, partly baked, was broken into pieces, and thrust into the shot-pouches of the men. Thus provisioned, the little company hastened to give the alarm to their neighbors, and did so in time for all to make their escape. At a later period, the father of Miss Langston incurred the displeasure of the loyalists in consequence of the active services of his sons in their country's cause. A party came to his house with the desperate design of putting to death all the men of the family. The sons were absent, but the feeble old man was in their power. One of the company drew a pistol and deliberately levelled it at his breast. Suddenly a shriek was heard, and his young daughter sprang between her aged parent and the fatal weapon. The brutal soldier roughly ordered her to get out of the way, or the contents of the pistol would be instantly lodged in her own heart. She did not heed the threat, but clasping her arms tightly around the old man's neck, declared that her own body should first receive the ball aimed at his heart. There are few human

beings, even of the most depraved, entirely insensible to all generous impulses. On this occasion, the conduct of the daughter, so determined to shield her father's life by the sacrifice of her own, touched the heart even of a member of the 'Bloody Scout,' and Langston was spared."

Our second example is that of Mrs. Van Alstine, a matron of Canajoharie, New York. Her family having been robbed by the Indians of all winter supplies of food and clothing, besides the farm-stock, she courageously ventured to the Indian settlement, attended only by her son, a boy of sixteen years, and demanded the restitution of her property. The squaws alone being at home, she succeeded by means of stratagem and intimidation together.* "The mother and son now drove back as fast as possible. They reached home late in the evening, and passed a sleepless night, dreading instant pursuit and a night-attack from the irritated savages. Soon after daylight the alarm was given that the Indians were within view and coming towards the house. Van Alstine saw no course to escape from their vengeance but to give up whatever they wished to take back; but his intrepid wife was determined on an effort at least to retain her property. As they came near, she begged her husband not to show

* Domestic History of the Revolution, p. 247.

himself, for she knew they would immediately fall upon him, but to leave the matter in her hands. The intruders took their course first to the stables, and bidding all the rest remain within doors, the matron went out alone, followed to the door by all her family, weeping, and entreating her not to expose herself. Going to the stable, she inquired in the Indian language what the men wanted. The reply was 'our horses.' She said boldly, 'They are ours. You came and took them without right. They are ours, and we mean to keep them.' The chief now came forward threateningly, and approached the door, Mrs. Van Alstine placed herself against it, telling him she would not give up the animals they had raised. He succeeded in pulling her from the door, and drew out the plug which fastened it, which she snatched from his hand, pushing him away. He then stepped back and presented his rifle, threatening to shoot her if she did not move; but she kept her position, opening her neck-handkerchief and bidding him shoot if he dared. It might be that the Indian feared punishment from his allies for any such act of violence, or that he was moved with admiration of her intrepidity. He hesitated, looked at her for a moment, and then slowly dropped his gun, uttering in his native language expressions implying his conviction that the evil one must

help her, and saying to his companions that she was a brave woman and they would not molest her. Giving a shout, by way of expressing their approbation, they departed from the premises. On their way they called at the house of Colonel Frey, and related their adventure, saying that the white woman's courage had saved her and her property, and were there fifty such brave women as the wife of 'Big Tree,' the Indians would never have troubled the inhabitants of the Mohawk Valley."

That faculty called woman-wit was often exercised with the best practical results. After the battle of Long Island, when the British were enclosing New York, and it had been decided that the American troops had best make good their retreat, General Putnam was the last to depart. It is said that he would certainly have been intercepted and cut off, but for the finesse of Mrs. Murray, an accomplished lady, who managed to detain the pursuers by means of a collation and lively chat, until the object of their pursuit had safely escaped. The same device had equal success on occasion of Colonel Tarleton's raid upon Charlottesville and Monticello, Virginia, for the purpose of capturing Jefferson, the Governor of Virginia, and the Legislature there assembled. At the house of Colonel Walker, twelve miles from the town, and on their direct route, the raiders

paused, taking prisoner several legislators who were visiting the family. Several others, however, escaped, and the British officer was easily beguiled into partaking of a feast such as the Virginia ladies well know how to spread, until intelligence had been conveyed to the intended victims, and the boastful Tarleton had naught to do but to return baffled to his superior officer, thoroughly chagrined at the inglorious report he was compelled to make of his adventure.

Both prudence and presence of mind gave point to the intrepid action of the heroine of "Green Spring," which we quote from Mrs. Ellet's statement. "About two hundred men, commanded by Colonel Clarke, of the Georgia Volunteers, having received intelligence that a larger body of Tory militia was recruiting for the horse service, under the command of Ferguson, determined to attempt to rout them. The Americans stopped for refreshment at the house of Captain Dillard, who was with them as a volunteer, and were entertained with milk and potatoes. They marched on hearing that a scouting party was in advance of Ferguson's station, and encamped for the night at Green Spring. The same evening, Ferguson, with a party, arrived at Dillard's and made inquiries respecting Clarke and his men. Mrs. Dillard replied that they had been gone a long time,

and at the bidding of the officers prepared supper. Going to and from the kitchen, she overheard much of their conversation, and ascertained that they knew where Clarke was encamped, and were to pursue him, with a view to a surprise, as soon as they had taken their meal. No time was to be lost. She hurried the supper, and as soon as the officers had sat down, slipped out by a back door. Late and dark as it was, her determination was to go herself and apprise Clarke of his danger, in the hope of being in time for him to make a safe retreat; for she believed that the enemy were too numerous to justify a battle. She went to the stable, bridled a young horse, and, without saddle, mounted and rode with all possible speed to the place described. It was about half an hour before day when she came, in full gallop, to one of the videttes, by whom she was immediately conducted to Colonel Clarke. She called to the Colonel, breathless with eagerness and haste: "Be in readiness either to fight or run; the enemy will be upon you immediately, and they are strong!" In an instant every man was up, and no moments were lost in preparing for action. The intelligence came just in time to put the Whigs in readiness. Ferguson had detached Dunlap, with two hundred picked mounted men, to engage Clarke and keep him employed till his arrival. These

rushed in full charge into the American camp ; but the surprise was on their part. They were met hand to hand, with a firmness they had not anticipated. Their confusion was increased by the darkness, which rendered it hard to distinguish friend from foe. The battle was warm for fifteen or twenty minutes, when the Tories gave way."

The account of Mrs. Thomas's heroism is very similar, but so spirited that we indulge in its recital. "The wife of Colonel Thomas, who was a prisoner at Ninety-six, went to visit him and her two sons, his companions in rigorous captivity. By chance she heard a Tory woman say to some others: "To-morrow night the loyalists intend to surprise the rebels at Cedar Spring." She was thrilled with alarm at this intelligence; the Cedar Spring was within a few miles of her house; the Whigs were posted there, and among them were some of her own children. Her resolution was taken at once; she determined to apprise them of the enemy's intention, before the blow could be struck. Bidding a hasty adieu to her husband and sons, she was upon the road as quickly as possible; rode the intervening distance of nearly sixty miles the next day, and arrived in time to bring information to her friends of the impending danger. The moment they knew what was to be expected, a brief consultation was held, and

measures were immediately taken for defence. The soldiers withdrew a short distance from their camp-fires, which were prepared to burn as brightly as possible. The men selected suitable positions in the surrounding woods. Their preparations were just completed, when they heard in the distance, amid the silence of the night, the cautious advance of the foe. Slowly and warily they came on, until they were already within the glare of the blazing fires; they supposed the intended victims wrapt in heavy slumber; they heard but the crackling of the flames, and the hoarse murmur of the wind as it swept through the pine-trees. Giving the signal for the onset, they rushed toward the fires, eager for slaughter; but suddenly the flashes and shrill reports of rifles revealed the hidden patriots. To their consternation, they found themselves assailed in the rear by the party they had expected to strike unawares. Thrown into utter confusion by this unexpected reception, overwhelming defeat was the consequence to the loyalists."

Such depth of enthusiasm as the women of America manifested is almost sure to appear somewhere in exaggerated form; and so, in a few cases, women were seen to lay aside the delicacy of their sex, and assume the functions of man in a fashion, whose only excuse can be found in the genuine patriotism which induced

them thus to forget themselves. Deborah Sampson is a most remarkable example of a woman, who, for three years, discharged all the duties of a soldier, without betraying herself by any sign of weakness or inefficiency. Her sex was never discovered, until upon occasion of a severe spell of illness, when her secret became known to the surgeon who attended her. This, however, he did not betray until after her perfect restoration to health. Without consultation, he then sent her, with a note explaining the circumstances, to General Washington himself. By this time, fully aware of the predicament into which she was thrown, the poor girl was overwhelmed with confusion, and said that if the revered chieftain had spoken one word in reproach she would have fallen senseless at his feet. But he forbore to speak the dreaded word, and with her discharge a sufficient sum of money was enclosed to defray her expenses until she should be able to obtain some more suitable means of livelihood. Afterwards she received a pension as a Revolutionary soldier, but married, and demeaned herself always as a modest, sober matron, in no wise reminding her neighbors, by her manners, of the eccentricities of her youth. Several romantic episodes are connected with her military career, one of which is the fact that a wealthy young lady having fallen in love with the handsome soldier, offered

to bestow upon him her fortune as well as hand. Although lamenting the awkwardness of the adventure, not even gratitude could wrest from the resolute girl her treasured secret ; but making the best excuse she could, she managed to slip away from her admirer, and took refuge in a yet more rigid performance of soldierly duty.

But amid all the facts preserved which invest the women of that day with piety, patriotism, and every attribute of noble character, ever and anon crops forth, even from the midst of gravest disquisition, some little stroke of feminine wit ; the record of some word spoken, as words will be spoken when a woman's soul is stirred, and she uses her tongue, the only weapon she feels to be peculiarly her own, with freedom ; then we smile, perhaps not approvingly, but pleasantly withal ; for the stroke of nature hits, we feel its force, and henceforth are at home, our sympathies being touched. When women seem endowed with qualities of so lofty a nature, it is almost a relief to see them guilty of little imprudences or follies born of warm-hearted impulse. We like these small failings that prove their kinship to erring humanity, and show that these very heroines of history were women to the core. How enjoyable for instance, is the repartee of of the Carolinian lady, who, in reply to a sarcastic remark from Colonel Tarleton that he

would like to see her heroic friend, Colonel Washington, said: "If you had looked behind, you, Colonel Tarleton, at the Battle of the Clouds, you would have had that pleasure." Of a different kind, but equally pointed, was the retort of Mrs. Dissosway, of Staten Island, to the British officer who tried to bribe her into persuading her brother, Captain Randolph (a redoubted soldier), to retire from the army, by promising, on that condition, to release her imprisoned husband. She replied with a look of scorn; and drawing up her tall figure, added, "And if I could, think you that General Washington has but one Captain Randolph in his army?"

When a foraging officer demanded the corn-house key from a farmer's wife, and, upon her refusal, brandished his sword, in reply she flourished an oven-peel, and asked, scornfully, "If he drew his sword upon women." The discomfited warrior could but smile and disappear.

Again, in North Carolina, after Gage's defeat, when Green had come to them as a deliverer, the dear creatures pleased themselves, if they did not better the cause, by decking their persons in everything *green* that could be found. Ribbons and feathers of that color became the fashion of the day; and during the absence of their protectors, the Whig ladies frequently wore mourning, or at least a badge of crape. One young girl, on hearing of a success

achieved by the arms of the patriots, and being yet surrounded by enemies, could not contain her joy, but put her mouth to the chimney, and shouted her exultation up the flue, in default of sympathizing ears. Silly, nonsensical, the act was, but natural and girlish none the less.

Pleasant would it be to tarry longer among these Revolutionary scenes, but enough has surely been said to designate the type of woman to which our female ancestors belonged, if even so much were needed; for, is not the record of their virtues yet green in the remembrance of every native-born American? Is not the tradition of the large-hearted hospitality, unaffected cordiality, and simple honesty of our Revolutionary mothers yet cherished among us as a precious legacy?

And now at the opening of a second century after the inauguration of the first president of our Republic, shall we not set forth anew to emulate their sturdy virtues? Let us see to it that we eschew softness and love of pleasure, seeking through paths of virtue and self-denial to attain moral rectitude and vigor for ourselves and ours. If so, we may yet live to proclaim joyfully, "that the lines are fallen unto us in pleasant places;" in nothing rejoicing so much as to see that the rising generation is no whit likely to become degenerate, and dishonor the relationship which many of them so proudly trace to the Women of the Revolution.

